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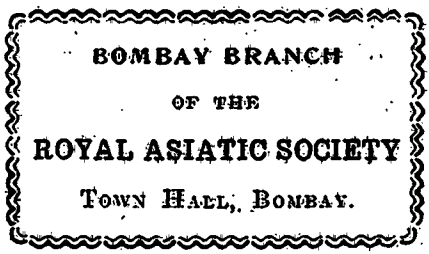

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RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES:

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A Second Series of Reminiscences

OF

THE CAMP, THE COURT, AND THE CLUBS.

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BY

CAPTAIN R. H. GRONOW,

FORMERLY OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, AND M.P. FOR STAFFORD.

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PREFACE.

THE unlooked-for favour with which my first volume of Reminiscences was received by the public has induced me to bring out a second series, which I trust will meet with the same indulgence.

However slight the materials may be which form the foundation of this work, they may prove of some interest to my readers; being sketches taken from the life, or anecdotes for the exactitude and veracity of which I can vouch.

The personages whose names I have mentioned, or whose portraits I have attempted to draw, are very generally known in the fashionable, literary, or artistic world. I have endeavoured as much as possible to abstain from ill-natured remarks or com-

ments likely to offend the living, and if I have erred in this respect it has been involuntarily.

Though the battle of Waterloo is almost a hackneyed subject, yet it has been latterly so frequently brought forward by French writers of celebrity, that I have thought some further observations might not prove altogether without interest.

I must conclude with an apology for having introduced French and Italian words and phrases into an English book; but the fact is, that though our language is a far richer one than at least the French, there are certain words that cannot be rendered into their exact corresponding meaning by translation, and consequently the point of many jokes and clever sayings would be entirely lost.

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RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES.

THREE HEROIC BROTHERS.—Among my souvenirs of 1815 there is one that has always struck me as particularly touching in the annals of French gallantry and heroism, and which shews what men we had to contend with in Spain, Portugal, and Belgium. There were three brothers named Angelet, whose heroic deeds have not, to the best of my knowledge, been recorded in any of the Memoirs of that time, and who all died or were mortally wounded on the bloody field of Waterloo.

The eldest brother started for the army as a conscript; he soon after rose to the rank of serjeant, and for many acts of daring he was raised to the rank of an officer in a regiment of the line.

When in Spain he was made prisoner by the guerillas, and as he was on the point of being massacred, his life was saved by an English officer; but he was imprisoned on the Spanish pontoons, where he suffered great hardships. He contrived, however, with singular daring and dexterity, to make his escape.

Angelet went through the Russian campaign as captain in the Imperial Guard, was named major in the 141st Regiment in 1813, and took a glorious part in the battle of Lutzen, where he was dangerously wounded by a cannon-ball in the leg. After his recovery, he returned to the Imperial Guard with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was engaged in all the battles of 1814. On the return of the Bourbons, he was named colonel of the grenadiers of the Garde Royale; but, on the escape of Napoleon from Elba, he immediately joined his glorious chief. After many heroic deeds at Waterloo, he received five wounds, and died at Brussels, after lingering in great agony for two months. His last moments were soothed by the presence of a beautiful young girl, to whom he was engaged to be married when he left Paris to conquer or to die.

The second brother, St Amand Angelet, was educated at the Ecole Militaire, was present at almost every battle in Spain, and for his gallant deeds obtained the cross of the Legion of Honour, (which was not then as easily won as it is now-a-days,) and the rank of captain. He received a wound in the leg at Orthes, and returned to Paris in 1814 to have it cured; though he was always obliged to go on crutches.

St Amand was named to the regiment commanded by his brother, and had to endure all the insolence that Napoleon's brave soldiers were forced at that time to undergo from the titled young "blancbecs" set over them by the Bourbons. St Amand had for his chef de bataillon a young émigré of eighteen, who had never seen a shot fired, was perfectly ignorant of all military science, and excelled only in the art of tormenting his inferiors in grade. On the return of the Emperor Napoleon in 1815, St Amand Angelet compelled this insolent aristocrat to eat his "croix du lys," (the order of the Bourbons,) in order that it might meet with the most ignominious destiny.

Angelet, who was a very handsome and agreeable

man, and very much the fashion, was one day in a salon of the Faubourg St Germain openly expressing his joy at the Emperor's return, when a great lady who was present jeered him on his inability, on account of his wounds, to do more than speak in favour of his hero. St Amand, stung to the quick, and devoured by martial ardour and that passionate devotion for his chief which was the characteristic of every man in the French army, started immediately for the frontier, and made the campaign of 1815 on his crutches: he was killed in the early part of the day at Waterloo.

The third brother, who was mild and gentle as a woman in face and manner, also fell bravely fighting in the last charge of that bloody day. After the battle, Doctor D——, an intimate friend of the Angelet family, went to announce to the bereaved mother, who was also a widow, the death of her two younger sons. The eldest was still lingering at Brussels. "I do not wish him to recover," said the weeping woman, "for then I should be forced to live for his sake, whereas when he goes I may follow and join all those I have loved upon earth." She died in the course of the year of a broken heart—

that malady which slays more than are numbered in the lists of men.

FRENCH HISTORIANS OF WATERLOO.—As I advance in years, I find myself often wandering back to the scenes of my youth, and living over again the stirring events of my early days; and I confess to feeling a patriotic pride when I call to remembrance the glorious field of Waterloo—that "battle of giants" which decided the fate of the world. Many eloquent pages have been written on that stirring topic, and varied have been the accounts of that tremendous conflict; our present brave allies to this very day continue to assert that they were not beaten, but were victims of a mistaken order, an act of treachery, or an evil destiny,—in short, that they succumbed to anything but the genius of Wellington, the energy of Blucher, and the dauntless courage of the English and Prussian armies. I must say that I cannot understand how French writers imagine that they lessen the humiliation of defeat by attempting to decry or diminish the fame and prowess of the victor;

or why M. Thiers and others, in their accounts of Waterloo, make so many vain attempts to prove that we ought to have lost the battle.

The Napoleon of M. Thiers' romance of Waterloo, —it is certainly not a history,—his Napoleon, I say, is not Napoleon as he was, but an ideal hero, omniscient and unerring. Ney and the other French generals are represented as brave blunderers, who could neither give, obey, nor execute an order; Wellington as a genius of the second-rate order, slow, and unenterprising, and the English soldiers as fellows stubborn enough, but incapable of any aggressive movement—heavy, beef-fed knaves, standing up like logs, to be sabred, shot, and stuck by the active and intelligent veterans of the Garde Imperiale.

M. Thiers has been liberal to us in one respect. He has endowed several of our regiments with a very strong development of the vital principle. Many of our battalions, which, according to this great historian, had been entirely cut to pieces by the charges of French cavalry, nevertheless come to life again towards the end of M. Thiers' account of the engagement, and join with the utmost ardour in the last charge against the retreating French.

All this is quite unworthy of a great writer and statesman like M. Thiers, who has had every means of knowing the truth; and I, for one, cannot refrain from entering my protest against the innumerable errors, false assertions, and convenient suppressions contained in the twentieth volume of his history. The fame of Wellington, as one of the great captains of the age, is world-wide, and, written as it is on fifty fields of battle, needs no defence from me; but, when I hear the British soldier pooh-poohed and decried by M. Thiers, "who never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew," I am moved to say a few words more on this stirring subject.

In spite of "Les Victoires et Conquêtes de l'Armée Française," I maintain that the British infantry is the finest in the world. I never saw anything to equal our old Peninsular regiments, not only for stubborn endurance, but for dash, pluck, intelligence, and skill in manœuvring. Nothing could beat them; and if we had had the army of veterans with which we crossed the Bidassoa, on the field of Waterloo, we should have attacked the French instead of waiting their onset. But we had only 12,000 of our old Peninsular infantry, the rest were

raw troops; and though many did their best, they were hardly a match for the French army, which was a very efficient one, and almost entirely composed of veterans.

When I call to mind how ill rewarded our noble soldiers were for their heroic deeds, my heart bleeds for them. "Under the cold shade of aristocracy," men who in France would have been promoted for their valour to the highest grades of the army, lived and died, twenty or thirty years after the battle, with the rank of lieutenant or captain. As to the private soldiers, their stubborn endurance, their desperate courage, their indomitable pluck, were but ill-rewarded by a shilling or two a-day, and a refuge in Chelsea or Kilmainham Hospital.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.—The recent works of M. Thiers and Colonel Charras, Quinet's defence of Marshal Ney, and Victor Hugo's romance of "Les Miserables," have directed public attention with renewed interest to the battle of Waterloo, and the various episodes connected with it. I have therefore ventured, in addition to the slight remarks made in my former volume, to add a few

further reminiscences of that eventful day. Though I took but a humble part in this great contest, yet I had opportunities of seeing and hearing much, both during and after the battle. My anecdotes are derived either from personal experience and observation, from the conversation of those to whom they refer, or from the common talk of the army at the time; and many of these anecdotes may be new to my readers.

But before I begin to retrace those scenes and episodes (which I fear will be in a very imperfect and desultory manner) I must state that, while my admiration for the great Duke and my gallant comrades is unbounded, yet I repudiate any share in the vulgar John Bull exultation which glories in having "licked the confounded French." Though I cannot agree with their writers in attributing their defeat to ill-luck, yet I am willing to admit that the tide of success had turned against Napoleon; that he was not altogether what he had been, when at Austerlitz and Wagram he carried all before him. Then, flushed with victory, he was animated with the certainty of success, which in itself was an earnest of triumph. But all was changed when the

mighty conqueror came to play his last stake on the field of Waterloo. He knew defeat was possible, for he had been vanquished; and, though his prestige was immense, yet the Garde Imperiale, and the other veterans of his noble army, who in former days had only thought of victory when commanded by him, now whispered together of dying with him.

Even the bravest of soldiers, or the most desperate of gamblers, plays his last stake with some degree of emotion and hesitation, knowing that all depends on the throw; and Napoleon, feeling that (humanly speaking) he held in his hand the fate of empires, and his own, knew that if he lost the day, all was over with him in this world. He was then not quite his former self; and he certainly committed several errors about the middle of the day, and shewed considerable hesitation as to the orders to be given. The chief mistake he made, in my humble opinion, was this: he did not support the brilliant charges of his cavalry, and the tremendous fire of his numerous and well-served artillery, by the general advance of his infantry, until it was too late and his cavalry were annihilated.

AFTER QUATRE BRAS.—I mentioned in my former volume that on my arrival to join my regiment, I was immediately sent to the village of Waterloo, with a detachment, under Captain Clements, brother of Lord Leitrim, to take charge of some hundreds of French prisoners. They had been taken at Quatre Bras, and were confined in a barn and the court-yard of a large farm-house. As ill-luck would have it, Clements did not place sentinels on the other side of the wall, which overlooked the plain leading to the forest of Soignies; the consequence was, that with the aid of a large waggon, which had been left in the yard, several of the prisoners scaled the wall, and made their escape. As soon as it was night, some more poor fellows attempted to follow their example; but this time the alarm was given, and our men fired and killed or wounded a dozen of them.

This firing at so late an hour brought several officers of the staff from the neighbouring houses to ascertain the cause, and among them came my poor friend Chambers, who kindly invited me to Sir Thomas Picton's quarters to supper. I accompanied him thither, and after groping our way into the

house, for it was very dark, we passed the door of a room in which Sir Thomas himself was lying. I heard him groan, from the pain of the wound he had received at Quatre Bras, but did not of course venture to disturb him, and we passed on into a small hall, where I got some cold meat and wine.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—At daylight, on the 18th, we were agreeably surprised to see a detachment of the 3d Guards, commanded by Captain Wigston and Ensign George Anson, the lamented General who died in India, who had been sent to relieve us. I took the opportunity of giving Anson, then a fine lad of seventeen, a silver watch, made by Barwise, which his mother, Lady Anson, had requested me to take over to him. Bob Clements and I then proceeded to join our regiment.

The road was ankle-deep in mud and slough; and we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when we heard the trampling of horses' feet, and on looking round perceived a large cavalcade of officers coming at full speed. In a moment we recognised the Duke himself at their head. He was accompanied by the Duke of Richmond, and his son, Lord

William Lennox. The entire staff of the army was close at hand: the Prince of Orange, Count Pozzo di Borgo, Baron Vincent, the Spanish General Alava, Prince Castel Cicala, with their several aides-de-camp; Felton Harvey, Fitzroy Somerset, and Delancy were the last that appeared. They all seemed as gay and unconcerned as if they were riding to meet the hounds in some quiet English county.

In about half-an-hour we joined our comrades in camp, who were endeavouring to dry their accoutrements by the morning sun, after a night of rain and discomfort in their bivouac. I was now greeted by many of my old friends (whom I had not had time to speak to the day before, when I was sent off to the village of Waterloo) with loud cries of "How are you, old fellow? Take a glass of wine and a bit of ham! it will perhaps be your last breakfast." Then Burges called out, "Come here, Gronow, and tell us some London news."

He had made himself a sort of gipsy-tent, with the aid of some blankets, a serjeant's halberd and a couple of muskets. My dear old friend was sitting upon a knapsack, with Colonel Stuart, (who afterwards lost his arm,) eating cold pie and drinking

champagne, which his servant had just brought from Brussels. I was not sorry to partake of his hospitality, and, after talking together some time, we were aroused by the drums beating to arms. We fell in, and the muster-roll having been called, the piling of arms followed; but we were not allowed to leave our places.

The position taken up by the British army was an excellent one: it was a sort of ridge, very favourable for artillery, and from which all the movements of the French could be discerned. In case of any disaster, Wellington had several roads in his rear by which a masterly retreat could have been effected through the forest on Brussels; but our glorious commander thought little about retreating: on the contrary, he set all his energies to work, and determined to win the day.

Our brigade was under the orders of General Maitland, and our division was commanded by Sir George Cooke. We occupied the right centre of the British line, and had the château of Hougoumont at about a quarter of a mile's distance on our right. Picton was on the extreme left at La Haye Sainte, with his division of two British and one

Hanoverian brigades. Hougoumont was garrisoned by the 2d and 3d regiments of the Guards, a battalion of Germans, and two battalions of artillery, who occupied the château and gardens. Between each regiment was a battery of guns, and nearly the whole of the cavalry was to the left of Sir Thomas Picton's division.

About half-past eleven the bands of several French regiments were distinctly heard, and soon after the French artillery opened fire. The rapid beating of the "pas de charge," which I had often heard in Spain—and which few men, however brave they may be, can listen to without a somewhat unpleasant sensation—announced that the enemy's columns were fast approaching. On our side the most profound silence prevailed, whilst the French, on the contrary, raised loud shouts, and we heard the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" from one end of their line to the other.

The battle commenced by the French throwing out clouds of skirmishers from Hougoumont to La Haye Sainte. Jerome Bonaparte's division, supported by those of Foy and Bachelu, attacked Hougoumont, the wood and garden of which were

taken and retaken several times; but, after prodigies of valour performed on both sides, remained in the hands of the French: who, however, sustained immense loss, and the château still belonged to the invincible English Guards.

Whilst the battle was raging in the wood and orchard, eighty French guns, mostly twelve-pounders, opened upon us, and caused a heavy loss in our ranks. At the same moment, we could perceive from our elevated position that the enemy were attacking La Haye Sainte in great force. At about two o'clock, Ney, with the first corps formed in four columns, advanced "en echelon," the left wing forward. They completely defeated and put to flight a Dutch-Belgian brigade, and then attacked Picton's division. He, however, made a desperate resistance, and charged them several times, though they were four times his number. It was then that noble soldier was killed by a musket-ball. Things looked ill there; when the Duke ordered up Adam's brigade, which regained the ground, and pushed eagerly forward.

At the same time Lord Uxbridge commanded the cavalry to charge. This order was admirably exe-

cuted by Somerset on one side, and by Ponsonby on the other, and was for a time completely successful. The French infantry brigades of Quiot, Donzelot, and Marcoguet were rolled up and almost annihilated; twenty guns were dismantled or spiked, and many hundred prisoners taken; several squadrons of cuirassiers were also charged and put to the rout. Unfortunately our cavalry went too far without proper supports, and were charged and driven back by Milhaud's heavy cavalry and Jacquinot's lancers, and had to take refuge behind our own lines. Ney now received orders to attack La Haye Sainte, which was taken about four o'clock. At the same hour Bulow's first columns made their appearance, and attacked D'Erlon and Lobau.

The Guards had what in modern battues is called a hot corner of it, and the greatest "gluttons" (and we had many such) must have allowed, when night came on, that they had had fighting enough. I confess that I am to this day astonished that any of us remained alive. From eleven o'clock till seven we were pounded with shot and shell at long and short range, were incessantly potted at by tirailleurs who kept up a most biting fire, con-

stantly charged by immense masses of cavalry who seemed determined to go in and win, preceded as their visits were by a terrific fire of artillery; and, last of all, we were attacked by "la Vieille Garde" itself. But here we came to the end of our long and fiery ordeal. The French veterans, conspicuous by their high bearskin caps and lofty stature, on breasting the ridge behind which we were at that time, were met by a fearful fire of artillery and musketry, which swept away whole masses of those valiant soldiers; and, while in disorder, they were charged by us with complete success, and driven in utter rout and discomfiture down the ravine. The Prussians having now arrived in force on the French right, a general advance of the whole line was ordered, and the day was won.

During the battle our squares presented a shocking sight. Inside we were nearly suffocated by the smoke and smell from burnt cartridges. It was impossible to move a yard without treading upon a wounded comrade, or upon the bodies of the dead; and the loud groans of the wounded and dying were most appalling.

At four o'clock our square was a perfect hospital,

being full of dead, dying, and mutilated soldiers. The charges of cavalry were in appearance very formidable, but in reality a great relief, as the artillery could no longer fire on us: the very earth shook under the enormous mass of men and horses. I never shall forget the strange noise our bullets made against the breastplates of Kellermann's and Milhaud's cuirassiers, six or seven thousand in number, who attacked us with great fury. I can only compare it, with a somewhat homely simile, to the noise of a violent hail-storm beating upon panes of glass.

The artillery did great execution, but our musketry did not at first seem to kill many men; though it brought down a large number of horses, and created indescribable confusion. The horses of the first rank of cuirassiers, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, came to a stand-still, shaking and covered with foam, at about twenty yards' distance from our squares, and generally resisted all attempts to force them to charge the line of serried steel. On one occasion, two gallant French officers forced their way into a gap momentarily created by the discharge of artillery: one was killed by Staples, the other by Adair. Nothing could be

more gallant than the behaviour of those veterans, many of whom had distinguished themselves on half the battle-fields of Europe.

In the midst of our terrible fire, their officers were seen as if on parade, keeping order in their ranks, and encouraging them. Unable to renew the charge, but unwilling to retreat, they brandished their swords with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and allowed themselves to be mowed down by hundreds rather than yield. Our men, who shot them down, could not help admiring the gallant bearing and heroic resignation of their enemies.

COLONEL COLQUITT.—During the terrible fire of artillery which preceded the repeated charges of the cuirassiers against our squares, many shells fell amongst us. We were lying down, when a shell fell between Captain (afterwards Colonel) Colquitt and another officer. In an instant Colquitt jumped up, caught up the shell as if it had been a cricket ball, and flung it over the heads of both officers and men, thus saving the lives of many brave fellows.

CAPTAIN CHAMBERS, PICTON'S FAVOURITE AIDE-

DE-CAMP.—In looking back to former days, I recollect with pride the friendship which existed between Chambers and myself. I owe my presence at the battle of Waterloo to him; for by him I was introduced to Sir Thomas Picton, and it was by his advice that I joined my regiment the day before the battle. After Picton's death, poor Chambers, in carrying orders to Sir James Kempt to retake at all hazards the farm of La Haye Sainte, advanced at the head of the attacking column, and was in the act of receiving the sword of a French officer who had surrendered to him, when he received a musket ball through the lungs, which killed him on the spot. When the Duke of York heard of his death, H.R.H. exclaimed, "In him we have lost one of our most promising officers."

CAPTAIN ROBERT ADAIR, OF THE 1ST GUARDS.—No language can express the admiration felt by all who witnessed the heroïc exploits of poor Adair. During the charges of the French cavalry, which were always preceded by a tremendous fire of artillery at point-blank distance, we lost many men. The cuirassiers and heavy dragoons approached so close, that it was

feared they would enter by the gap which had been made in our square. Adair rushed forward, placed himself in the open space, and with one blow of his sword killed a French officer who had actually got amongst our men. After many exploits, shewing a coolness and a courage rarely equalled, and never surpassed, Adair was struck towards the end of the day by a cannon ball, which shattered his thigh near the hip. His sufferings during the amputation were dreadful; the shot had torn away the flesh of the thigh, and the bones were sticking up near the hip in splinters. The surgeon, Mr Gilder, had much difficulty in using his knife, having blunted it, and all his other instruments, by amputations in the earlier part of the battle. Poor Adair during the operation had sufficient pluck to make one last ghastly joke, saying, "Take your time, Mr Carver." He soon afterwards died from loss of blood.

Ensign Somerville Burges, of the 1st Foot Guards, was a younger son of Sir James Bland Burges, (his elder brother was killed at Burgos.) He enjoyed soldiering in the real sense of the word, and sought glory on every field of battle. He en-

tered the Guards before he attained the age of seventeen, and his buoyant spirits and athletic frame fitted him for a military life. I breakfasted with him on the morning of the battle. After many acts of great personal courage he was wounded by a cannon ball which shattered his leg in a frightful manner. Amputation was the consequence; and after the surgeon had dressed the wounds, he hailed some soldiers to carry Burges to the cart, upon which the latter declined being carried, saying, "I will hop into it;" and he succeeded in performing this extraordinary feat without further injury to the wounded stump. This heroic soldier, owing to the regulations then in force, was put on the shelf for the remainder of his life.

PERCIVAL, OF THE 1ST GUARDS.—The wound which Captain Percival received was one of the most painful it ever fell to a soldier's lot to bear. He received a ball which carried away all his teeth and both his jaws, and left nothing on the mouth but the skin of the cheeks. Percival recovered sufficiently to join our regiment in the Tower, three years subsequent to the battle of Waterloo. He had to be

fed with porridge and a few spoonfuls of broth; but notwithstanding all the care to preserve his life, he sunk from inanition, and died very shortly after, his body presenting the appearance of a skeleton.

Sir Colin Halkett.—Sir C. Halkett's wound, which was also from a musket ball through the jaws, was not so dangerous; for it was said by Forbes the surgeon, that the General must have been in the act of ordering his men to charge, with his mouth open when he was struck.

Captain Curzon.—Among the many episodes of a battle-field, there are none so touching as the last moments of a brave soldier. Captain Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, was on the staff, and received a mortal wound towards the end of the battle, and lay bleeding to death by the side of his favourite charger, one of whose legs had been shattered by a cannon ball. As Lord March was passing by, Curzon had just strength to call to him, "Get me help, my dear March, for I fear it is all over with me." Lord March hastened to look for a surgeon, and found one belonging to the first battalion of our

regiment, who went to the poor fellow's assistance; but, alas! life was extinct before the doctor arrived. The doctor, in relating this event to us afterwards, said, "I found poor Curzon dead, leaning his head upon the neck of his favourite horse, who seemed to be aware of the death of his master, so quiet did it remain, as if afraid to disturb his last sleep. As I approached, it neighed feebly, and looked at me as if it wanted relief from the pain of its shattered limb, so I told a soldier to shoot it through the head to put it out of its pain. The horse as well as its master were both old acquaintances of mine, and I was quite upset by the sight of them lying dead together." This tribute of sympathy and feeling was the more remarkable as coming from the doctor, who was one of the hardest and roughest diamonds I ever remember to have known; but on this occasion something moved him, and he had tears in his eyes as he related the incident.

CAPTAIN, AFTERWARDS COLONEL KELLY, OF THE LIFE GUARDS, AND OUR CAVALRY CHARGES.—This chivalrous man, of undaunted courage and very powerful frame, in the deadly encounter with the

cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, performed prodigies of valour.

In the gallant and, for a time, successful charge of the Household Brigade, he greatly distinguished himself; and when our gallant fellows, after sustaining a terrible fire of artillery, were attacked by an overwhelming force of French cavalry, and were forced to retreat behind our squares, Kelly was seen cutting his way through a host of enemies. Shaw, the famous prize-fighter, a private in his regiment, came to his assistance, and these two heroes fought side by side, killing or disabling many of their antagonists, till poor Shaw, after receiving several wounds, was killed from a thrust through the body by a French colonel of cuirassiers, who in his turn received a blow from Kelly's sword, which cut through his helmet and stretched him lifeless upon the ground.

I recollect questioning my friend Kelly about this celebrated charge, at our mess at Windsor in 1816, when he said that he owed his life to the excellence of his charger, which was well bred, very well broke, and of immense power. He thought that with an ordinary horse he would have been

killed a hundred times in the numerous encounters which he had to sustain.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.—In the charge of the Royals, Scots Greys, and Inniskillings on the one side, and the 1st and 2d Life Guards, Blues, and 1st Dragoon Guards on the other, the Scots Greys and Blues were ordered to act as supports. This their excessive ardour prevented them from doing, and they charged with the others. On their return the want of supports was grievously felt. Colonel Ferrier of the 1st Life Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgerald of the 2d Life Guards, and Colonel Fuller of the 1st Dragoon Guards were killed; Major Packe of the Blues was killed by a sword-thrust from a French serjeant; and Clement Hill, who afterwards commanded that regiment, received a lance-thrust which nearly pinned him to his saddle.

LIEUTENANT TATHWELL: ILL-TREATMENT OF A PRISONER BY THE FRENCH.—Lieutenant Tathwell of the Blues was taken prisoner, and as he was being conducted to the rear of the French army, a

wounded French officer, who was being carried by four soldiers, ordered Tathwell to be brought up to him, and inflicted several kicks upon the unfortunate prisoner. Tathwell's captors seemed very much shocked at this infamous treatment, so different to the usual behaviour of the French, but did not dare to remonstrate.

Sir W. Ponsonby, Lord E. Somerset, Sir John Elley, and Sir Horace Seymour.—Sir William Ponsonby, after heading several splendid charges, on the retreat and on refusing to surrender, was killed by a serjeant of a regiment of dragoons, of which I forget the number. He had got into some deep boggy ground, and was riding a very inferior horse, which was completely blown, and whose sluggishness cost him his life.

Lord Edward Somerset, who commanded the Household Brigade, had a very narrow escape. His horse was killed, and he had only just time to creep through a thick hedge and leap on another horse before the enemy were upon him. Sir John Elley, colonel of the Blues, and Horace Seymour, who was on the staff, two of the most powerful men in the

army, performed deeds worthy of the Paladins of the olden time. Horse and man went down before them, as they swept onward in their headlong course, and neither helmet nor cuirass could stand against swords wielded by such strong arms.

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE DAMER AND COLONEL MUTER.—I remember, when at Brighton, hearing Colonel George Damer relate the following anecdote, which will give an idea of the losses sustained by our cavalry at Waterloo. Damer was on the staff, and, towards the close of the day, was sent to order the Union Brigade to advance with the rest of the army. After a long search, he at last came upon all that remained of the brave fellows that composed the brigade. They were reduced to about two hundred and fifty men; many of them wounded, with heads and hands bandaged, were standing by their horses, who were panting and blowing, and looked completely done up. At their head stood the gallant Colonel Muter of the Inniskillings, upon whom the command of the brigade had fallen after Ponsonby's death. This grim veteran had his helmet beaten in, and his arm, which had been badly wounded, was in

a sling. When Damer came up, and said, "Now, gentlemen, you are to advance with the rest of the army," he said he should never forget the look that Muter cast upon him. The gallant Scot, however, said nothing, but got his men together, and they all broke into a sort of canter, and, guided by Damer, came upon some French infantry, who were still defending themselves with a kind of desperation. As Muter gave the order to charge, the French fired a volley and hit Damer in the knee, who heard Muter grumble out in his Scotch phraseology, as he dashed amongst the French, "I think you ha' it nu', sir."

HOUGOUMONT.—I could distinctly see, at the commencement of the battle, the Young Guard advance to attack Hougoumont, when a tremendous fire of artillery was opened upon them, which had the appearance of creating some confusion and disorder in their ranks. On they went, however, and in a moment got into the orchard. Then such a fire opened on both sides, and such a smoke ensued, that, like Homer's heroes, they were hidden by a cloud, and I could see no more. I had, besides,

plenty to occupy my own attention immediately afterwards.

About four o'clock, Saltoun and Charley Ellis, who had commanded the light companies of the battalions of Guards, joined us with the wreck of those detachments, after their gallant defence of Hougoumont. I well remember General Maitland saying to Saltoun, "Your defence saved the army: nothing could be more gallant. Every man of you deserves promotion." Saltoun replied that it was "touch and go—a matter of life and death—for all within the walls had sworn that they would never surrender;" and Gurthorpe the adjutant added, "Our officers were determined never to yield, and the men were resolved to stand by them to the last."

Meeting of Wellington and Blucher.—After our final charge, and the retreat of the French army, we arrived and bivouacked about nine o'clock in the orchard of the farm of La Belle Alliance, about a hundred yards from the farmhouse where Napoleon had remained for some hours. We were presently disturbed by the sound of trumpets; I immedi-

ately hurried off, in company with several other officers, and found that the sound proceeded from a Prussian cavalry regiment with Blucher at its head. The Duke of Wellington, who had given rendezvous to Blucher at this spot, then rode up, and the two victorious Generals shook hands in the most cordial and hearty manner. After a short conversation, our chief rode off to Brussels, while Blucher and the Prussians joined their own army, which, under General Gneisenau, was already in hot pursuit of the French. After this I entered the farmhouse where Napoleon had passed part of the day. The furniture had to all appearance been destroyed, but I found an immense fire made of a wooden bedstead and the legs of chairs, which appeared by the embers to have been burning for a considerable length of time.

Sufferings of the Wounded.—On the following morning, we had not advanced for many minutes before we met several of our gallant companions in arms who had been wounded. They were lying in waggons of the country, and had been abandoned by the drivers. Some of these poor fellows belonged

to our regiment, and, on passing close to one of the waggons, a man cried out, "For God's sake, Mr Gronow, give us some water or we shall go mad." I did not hesitate for a moment, but jumped into the cart, and gave the poor fellow all the water my flask contained. The other wounded soldiers then entreated me to fill it with some muddy water which they had descried in a neighbouring ditch, half filled by the rain of the preceding day. As I thought a flask would be of little use among so many, I took off my shako, and having first stopped up with my belcher handkerchief a hole which a musket ball had made in the top of it, filled it with water several times for these poor fellows, who were all too severely wounded to have got it for themselves, and who drank it off with tears of delight.

EXCESSES OF THE PRUSSIANS.—We perceived, on entering France, that our allies the Prussians had committed fearful atrocities on the defenceless inhabitants of the villages and farms which lay in their line of march. Before we left La Belle Alliance, I had already seen the brutality of some of the Prussian infantry, who hacked and cut up,

in a most savage manner, all the cows and pigs which were in the farmyards; placing upon their bayonets the still quivering flesh, and roasting it on the coals. On our line of march, whenever we arrived at towns or villages through which the Prussians had passed, we found that every article of furniture in the houses had been destroyed in the most wanton manner: looking-glasses, mahogany bedsteads, pictures, beds and mattresses, had been hacked, cut, half-burned, and scattered about in every direction; and, on the slightest remonstrance of the wretched inhabitants, they were beat in a most shameful manner, and sometimes shot. It is true that the Prussians owed the French a long debt of vengeance for all the atrocities committed by the French at Berlin; particularly by Davoust's corps after the battle of Jena.

PÉRONNE LA PUCELLE.—The fourth or fifth day after Waterloo, we arrived before Péronne la Pucelle, (the Virgin town,) as the inhabitants delighted to call it; for they boasted that it had never been taken by an enemy. The Duke of Wellington suddenly made his appearance in our bivouac, and gave orders

that we should, at all risks, take Péronne before night. We accordingly prepared for action, and commenced proceedings by battering the gates with a strong fire of artillery. The guns of the Virgin fortress returned the compliment, and the first shot from the town fell under the belly of the Duke's horse; but, beyond knocking the gravel and stones about in all directions, did no injury.

The garrison consisted of fifteen hundred National Guards, who had sworn never to surrender to mortal man; but when these ardent volunteers saw our red-coats coming in with a rush, and with a grim determination to take no denial, they wisely laid down their arms and capitulated. Our loss, on this occasion, amounted to nine killed and thirty wounded. Lord Saltoun had a narrow escape; a ball struck him on his breeches-pocket, where half-a-dozen five-franc pieces broke the force of the blow: Saltoun, though not very Buonapartist in his opinions, retained the mark of the Emperor's effigy on his thigh for some time; and though not returned as wounded, suffered great pain for several days after.

Væ Victis.—On the Guards arriving at St Pont

Maixans, a town situated at about forty miles from Paris, I was sent by the adjutant to look out for quarters for myself and servant. In the neighbourhood of a small wood, I perceived a mill, and near it a river, and on looking a little further, saw a large farmhouse; this I entered, but could not discover any living being. My servant, who had gone upstairs, however, informed me, that the farmer was lying in bed dreadfully wounded from numerous sabre cuts. I approached his bed, and he appeared more dead than alive; but on my questioning him, he said the Prussians had been there the night before, had violated and carried off his three daughters, had taken away his cart-horses and cattle, and because he had no money to give them, they had tied him to his bed and cut him with their swords across the shin-bones, and left him fainting from pain and loss of blood. After further inquiries, he told me that he thought some of the Prussians were still in the cellar; upon which, I ordered my batman to load his musket, struck a light, and with a lantern proceeded to the cellar, where we found a Prussian soldier drunk, and lying in a pool of wine which had escaped from the casks he and his com-

rades had tapped. Upon seeing us, he, with an oath in German, made a thrust at my batman with his sabre, which was parried; in an instant we bound the ruffian, and brought him at the point of the bayonet into the presence of the poor farmer, who recognised him as one of the men who had outraged his unfortunate daughters, and who had afterwards wounded him. We carried our prisoner to the provost-sergeant, who, in his turn, took him to the Prussian head-quarters, where he was instantly shot.

NAPOLEON'S MISTAKEN OPINION OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.—When we were in Paris we heard that Napoleon, on making his first observation with his glass, surrounded by his Generals, on the morning of the 18th, had said, with an air of exultation on finding that we had not retreated as he expected, "Je les tiens donc ces Anglais;" but was answered by General Foy, "Sire, l'infanterie anglaise en duel c'est le diable." We also heard that Soult, on remonstrating upon the uselessness of charging our squares with cavalry, had been severely reprimanded, and had undergone the biting and sarcastic re-

mark from the Emperor, "Vous croyez Wellington un grand homme, General, parce-qu'il vous a battu."

Sir Frederick Ponsonby.—This gallant and excellent cavalry officer, who greatly distinguished himself at Talavera, and many other actions in Spain, was the son of Lord Besborough, and a distant cousin of Sir William Ponsonby who was killed. He commanded the 12th Light Dragoons, which formed part of Vandeleur's brigade, and made a brilliant charge right through a French brigade of Marcognet's division, and rolled up part of Jacquinot's Lancers, who were in pursuit of the remnant of the Union Brigade. In this most gallant affair he was struck from his horse by several sabre cuts, run through the body by a lancer as he lay upon the ground, and trampled on by large bodies of cavalry. Ponsonby always considered that he owed his life to a French field-officer who had brought up some troops to the spot where he lay, had given him a draught of brandy from his flask, and directed one of his men to wrap him in a cloak, and place a knapsack under his head.

It is pleasant to think that Ponsonby became acquainted, many years afterwards, with his preserver. The Baron de Laussat, formerly deputy for his department, the Basses Pyrenees, and a gentleman universally respected and beloved by all who knew him, was at this time a major in the dragoons of the Imperial Guard. After he had quitted the army he travelled in the East for some years, and on his return, when at Malta, was introduced to Sir F. Ponsonby, then a Major-General and Governor of the island. In the course of conversation, the battle of Waterloo was discussed; and on Ponsonby recounting his many narrow escapes, and the kind treatment he had received from the French officer, M. de Laussat said, "Was he not in such-and-such a uniform?" "He was," said Sir F. "And did he not say so-and-so to you, and was not the cloak of such-and-such a colour?" "I remember it perfectly," was the answer. Several other details were entered into, which I now forget, but which left no doubt upon Ponsonby's mind that he saw before him the man to whom he owed his life. "I was with the famous Colonel Sourd," added Laussat, "and I only knew that I had rendered what assistance I could to an

English officer of rank, who seemed in a very hopeless state; and I am delighted to think that my care was not bestowed in vain."

NARROW ESCAPES — RECEPTION IN LONDON.— When we were lying down in square to present a rather less fair mark to the French artillery, which had got very near us, and had caused immense loss in our ranks, a cannon ball struck the ground close to Algernon Greville and myself, without injuring either of us. At the end of the day, I found that a grape shot had gone through the top of my shako, and one of my coat-tails had been shot off. I got leave to go to England to join my battalion after we had been in Paris about a fortnight; and I never shall forget the reception I met with as I dashed up in a chaise and four to the door of Fenton's Hotel in St James's Street. Very few men from the army had yet arrived in London, and a mob of about a thousand people gathered round the door as I got out in my old, weather-beaten uniform, shaking hands with me, and uttering loud cheers. I also recollect the capital English dinner old James, the well-known waiter, had provided to celebrate

my return. "Ce sont les beaux jours de la vie," few and far between in our chequered existence, and I confess that my memory wanders back to them with pleasure, and some regret to think that they can never more return.

CONDUCT OF THE ENGLISH AND PRUSSIAN ARMIES DURING THE OCCUPATION OF PARIS.—The Duke of Wellington's conduct to the Parisians was kind and considerate. He contented himself with occupying the Bois de Boulogne, the two faubourgs of La Villette and La Chapelle St Denis. Blucher was not so moderate in his conduct towards the French. His troops were billeted in every house; he obliged the inhabitants to feed and clothe them; and he issued an order (which I well recollect seeing) commanding the authorities to supply each soldier with a bedstead containing a bolster, a woollen mattress, two new blankets, and a pair of linen sheets. The rations per day, for each man, were two pounds of bread of good quality, one pound of butcher's meat, a bottle of wine, a quarter of a pound of butter, ditto rice, a glass of brandy, and some tobacco. The Prussian cavalry were not forgotten: each

horse required ten pounds of oats, six of hay, ditto of straw, to be furnished early each day. Blucher's Generals occupied all the best hotels in the Faubourg St Germain; General Thielman that of Marshal Ney, where he forcibly took possession of the plate, carriages, and horses. Other Prussian Generals acted in a similar manner.

The Russian and Austrian armies, with the two Emperors, entered Paris soon after our arrival. The Emperors imitated Blucher in some respects; they refused to quarter their soldiers in the large and wholesome barracks which were in readiness to receive them: no; they preferred billeting them with peaceable merchants and tradespeople, whom they plundered and bullied in the most outrageous manner. Wellington, all this while, shewed great moderation; and his army paid for everything they required. Blucher, on the other hand, threatened to take possession of the Bank of France and the Government offices: which threat was not carried into execution, owing to the wise and timely interposition of the Duke.

One day, I recollect, Paris was in a state of amazement and stupefaction. Muffling, the com-

mander-in-chief in Paris of the Prussians, installed at the Hôtel de Ville, demanded from the French prefect a very large sum of money, and sent an officer and a hundred soldiers to enforce his demand. The prefect had not the money: the consequence was, he was marched off to the Hôtel de Ville, where General Muffling kept him prisoner, intending, the following morning, to send him to Berlin as a hostage until the money was paid into the Prussian treasury.

Dr Keate in Paris.—Every one has heard of the famous Dr Busby, head-master of Westminster, who, while shewing Charles II. over the school, apologised to that merry monarch for keeping his hat on in the presence of royalty; "for," said he, "it would not do for my boys to suppose that there existed in the world a greater man than Dr Busby." He was notorious for his Spartan discipline, and constantly acted up to the old adage of not sparing the rod and spoiling the boy. He was once invited, during a residence at Deal, by an old Westminster—who, from being a very idle, well-flogged boy, had, after a course of distinguished

service, been named to the command of a fine frigate in the Downs—to visit him on board his ship. The Doctor accepted the invitation; and, after he had got up the ship's side, the captain piped all hands for punishment, and said to the astonished Doctor, "You d——d old scoundrel, I am delighted to have the opportunity of paying you off at last. Here, boatswain, give him three dozen."

The old pupils of Dr Keate in Paris, soon after Waterloo, many of whom had suffered at least as much at his hands as the rancorous sea-captain had at Dr Busby's, received their former pedagogue in a far different manner. He had been seen, to our great astonishment, eating an ice at Torloni's on the Boulevards, and we determined to give him a dinner at Beauvilliers', the best dining-place in Paris, and far superior to anything of the kind in the present day.

The inviters were, Lord Sunderland, (the late Duke of Marlborough,) Lord James Stuart, Crosbie, (the private secretary of the Ambassador,) Cartwright, Tierney, De Ros, Baring Wall, myself, and two or three whose names I forget. We had ordered a most excellent dinner, and I never witnessed a

more jovial banquet. The Doctor evinced his appreciation of the dinner and wines in a manner most gratifying to his hosts; ate as if he had never eaten before, and paid his addresses, in large bumpers, to every description of wine; and, towards the end of the dinner, expressed his delight at finding that his old friends and pupils had not forgotten him; concluding "a neat and appropriate speech" with "Floreat Etona."

After drinking his health, as the bottle passed gaily round, we took the opportunity of giving him a little innocent "chaff," reminding him of his heavy hand and arbitrary manner of proceeding. We told him how two of the masters, Drury and Knapp, contrived, without his knowledge, to go up to London every Saturday to dine with Arnold and Kean at Drury Lane. We spoke of Sumner's flirtation with the fair Martha at Spiers's; of Mike Fitzgerald tripping up Plumptree the master on his way to six-o'clock school; of Cornwall's fight with the bargee; of Lumley's poaching in Windsor Park; of our constant suppers at the Christopher; of our getting out at night; of our tandem-driving; and many other little epi-

sodes, to shew that his Argus eyes were not always open. The Doctor took our jokes in good part, and in his turn told us that, if he had a regret, it was that he had not flogged us a good deal more; but he felt certain that the discipline had done us a great deal of good: he then concluded by paying us all compliments in a few well-turned phrases. We heartily cheered his address, and parted on excellent terms, highly gratified with our evening's entertainment.

Keate was a very short, thickset man, with a red face and a stentorian voice. The very sight of the cocked hat he always wore, placed frontways on his head, like that of the Emperor Napoleon, struck terror into the hearts of all offenders. However, in spite of his severity, he was generally liked by the boys at Eton, and was a thoroughly honourable and upright man. He had been in his youth a capital fighter, was an excellent scholar, and an admirable writer of Latin verse. A well-known copy of verses on the Greek drama, written by him, are considered the finest Alcaics since the days of Horace. Every old Etonian of his time must have felt hurt that the Whig government

should not have thought fit to name Keate provost of Eton, in the room of Dr Goodall; and we all thought it very hard that he should have left the school without any recognition or acknowledgment of his long and arduous services.

SHAVING IN A MINUTE, AND COLONEL ELLISON. —About twelve o'clock, on the second day after the battle of Waterloo, when on our march to Paris, we were ordered to come to a halt. Every officer and soldier immediately set to work to get rid of the superabundance of beard which had been suffered to grow for several days. During this not very agreeable duty, a shout was heard from Lord Saltoun, who called us to witness a bet he had made with Bob Ellison, that he, Ellison, could not shave off his beard in one minute.

Preparations were made, Ellison taking care to bathe his face for a considerable time in water. He then commenced operations, and in less than a minute, and without the aid of a looking-glass, actually won his bet, (a considerable one,) to the astonishment, and, I must add, the satisfaction of his comrades. This feat appeared to us all perfectly

impossible to accomplish, as his face was covered with the stubble of a week's growth of hair, so dark that it had procured for him in the regiment the sobriquet of Black Bob.

Ellison was one of our best officers. After joining the brigade at Cadiz, he was present in every action in the Peninsula, and was with the light companies at Hougoumont. He greatly distinguished himself there; and on one occasion, when he was forced to retreat from the orchard to the château, he would have been bayoneted by the French, had not the men, with whom he was a great favourite, charged back, and saved his life. Ellison led the storming party at Péronne, and commanded the second battalion of his regiment in Canada. He was colonel of his old battalion in 1843; when, at a brigade field-day in Hyde Park, on the occasion of a general salute, as he gave the word "Present arms," he dropped down dead from his horse, while the old corps, in which he had passed nearly forty years, were presenting arms to him.

All who knew him will bear witness with me to his many amiable and excellent qualities. In his younger days he was remarkably good-looking, and

he had still preserved his handsome face and kindly, expressive eye. Though quick and clever, no one ever heard him say a malevolent or ill-natured thing. If there was a good turn to be done, or a friendly word to be spoken, Black Bob was first and foremost; and in looking back on the old friends and comrades of bygone days, I feel there is not one I could name who was more deservedly popular or more generally regretted than Colonel Ellison.

THE DUKE AND MR CREEVEY.—The late Mr Creevey, the well-known Whig M.P., stated in my presence, at a dinner at Lord Darnley's, in Berkeley Square, in 1816, that he was at the Duke of Wellington's quarters at Brussels the night of the battle of Waterloo. It was late when the Duke entered, and, perceiving Mr Creevey, shook him by the hand, and said, "I have won the greatest battle of modern times, with twelve thousand of my old Peninsular troops."

Creevey remarked that he was astonished at that, and asked, "What, sir, with twelve thousand only?"

"Yes, Creevey," replied the Duke; "with twelve thousand of my old Spanish infantry. I knew I

could depend upon them. They fought the battle, without flinching, against immense odds; but nearly all my staff, and some of my best friends, are killed. Good-night! I want rest, and must go to bed."

Creevey called at an early hour on the following morning, in the hope of again seeing the Duke, but he had left Brussels before daylight, to join the army.

I do not pretend to say what the Duke meant in his conversation with Mr Creevey,—who was truth itself,—and I am equally certain that I am correctly relating what he said, for the statement made a great impression on me. He must have meant that the victory was mainly owing to the twelve thousand veterans; for, as near as I could make out, there were on our side at Waterloo about forty-five thousand English and Hanoverians, and twenty thousand Dutch, Belgian, and Nassau troops.

THE DUKE'S RAZORS.—My friend, George Smythe, the late Lord Strangford, once told me that, staying at Walmer Castle with the Duke of Wellington, the Duke informed him, one morning at breakfast, that he was obliged to go up to London immediately,

as all his razors required setting, but he would be back to dinner. Lord Strangford very naturally offered to lend the Duke his razors, which, luckily for the Duke, he did not accept; for Lord S., who was somewhat careless about his personal appearance, shaved with razors something like miniature saws, which made one shudder to look at. Lord S. then offered to take the razors to Dover, but the Duke replied—

"The man who always sharpens my razors has sharpened them for many years: I would not trust them with any one else. He lives in Jermyn Street, and there they must go. So you see, Strangford, every man has a weak point, and my weak point is about the sharpening of my razors. Perhaps you are not aware that I shave myself, and brush my own clothes: I regret that I cannot clean my own boots; for men-servants bore me, and the presence of a crowd of idle fellows annoys me more than I can tell you."

MADEMOISELLE MARS.—I did not see the celebrated Mlle. Mars till she was already in the sere

and yellow leaf, as far as her personal attractions were concerned; but I confess I have doubts as to her ever having been handsome. Her features did not bear any trace of past beauty, and her figure had lost all the slightness of youth. The process of dressing her for the stage was a long and painful one, and was said to have been done by degrees, beginning at early dawn; the tightening being gradually intensified until the stage hour, when it has been rumoured that the finale was accomplished by the maid's foot being placed in the small of the lady's back, and that thus the last vigorous haul was given to the refractory stay-lace. In spite of this suffering for form's sake, I confess that it required more powers of imagination than I possessed to fancy that the square-built, wrinkled woman was a beautiful young girl of seventeen: for she almost always appeared in very youthful parts—what are called "rôles de jeune première."

Mlle. Mars had preserved, when I first saw her, very fine black hair, white and even teeth, and a voice of surpassing sweetness. Her diction was perfect; and she possessed, above all other actresses, that knowledge of the stage, and that delicacy of

touch, which gave just the right inflexion to each point, and no more. In her acting there was never the slightest straining after effect,—or rather, I should say, the effect was produced without any apparent effort,—and she spoke her part just as a lady might make a witty, or piquant, or pathetic remark in her drawing-room: every movement was intensely studied, but seemed perfectly natural. Her voice was mellow and varied in its tones, without any of those sudden changes in vogue now-a-days, which seem more like ventriloquism than acting. There was a certain chaste reserve even in the scenes of passionate love, and propriety observed even in the most "risqué" passages. One was charmed, melted, touched, rather than powerfully moved.

Mlle. Mars was a woman of superior education and refined manners. Many persons of aristocratic birth felt themselves honoured in being received in her "salon," which was the rendezvous of the "élite" of the artistic world. There reigned that easy, courteous "bon-ton," which has almost become a traditionary legend both in England and France. The drawing-room was a school for good manners and good French; and the lady of the house, though

affable and kind to all, knew well how to keep her guests in order. Mlle. Mars, though not altogether immaculate, had never run to the excess of riot so common to many persons of her profession in those days, and she had preserved a tolerably fair reputation.

Amongst the very few persons supposed to be on terms of great intimacy with this celebrated actress was the Count de M——, a well-known dandy of the Restoration. He divided his attentions between the Duchesse de R—— and Mlle. Mars, who were both a long way on the shady side of forty, and was known by the sobriquet of "l'homme du siècle:" a name which had been bestowed on Napoleon for very different reasons. To sum up, I should be disposed to say that Mlle. Mars had more grace and charm than beauty, more talent and "savoir faire" than "bonâ fide" genius. Her most touching personation was perhaps "Valérie," or the blind girl.

Mademoiselle Rachel.—One cannot imagine a more striking contrast than that between Mlles. Mars and Rachel, each perfect and without a rival

in her separate department. I confess that my own taste was far more gratified by witnessing the performance of "La Grande Tragédienne" in some of her parts, than it ever was by the more polished but colder talent of Mlle. Mars; which charmed, but did not carry you away on the wings of enthusiasm. Rachel, in her moments of passionate declamation, bore all before her, as in a whirlwind. The spectators could not calmly criticise—they could only admire and weep.

I cannot conceive anything more splendid than Rachel's personification of "Phèdre." She looked the very woman consumed by her guilty passion, pursued by an avenging deity, the prey of conflicting powers struggling for mastery in that poor wasted bosom. The fire of unhallowed passion seemed to burn in her dark, hollow eyes,—the anguish and humiliation of rejected love to crush to the earth that frail form,—the gnawing of remorse to eat into her very heart. Those who have not seen Rachel in "Phèdre" can have no conception of what she was as an actress: the dignity and grace of her bearing in the first scenes, contrasted with her passionate despair in the latter

part, which at last found vent, each syllable forcing itself through her clenched teeth, as if the very words scorched her lips.

In those parts which brought into play her powers of fascination, such as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and others, nothing could be more coquettishly attractive, more irresistibly winning, than Rachel. Her deep rich voice had an inexpressible charm when softened into tenderness, and she possessed such a peculiar talent for enveloping her meagre figure in fleecy clouds of gauze and muslin, and decking it with rows of gold ornaments and pearls, that every man at the end of the performance thought his wife or mistress too much developed in figure, whilst every woman for the moment wished she were as devoid of all protuberances as the fair tragedian.

I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting Rachel in society, and certainly it was impossible to have seen any one more high-bred in appearance, dress, and manner. There was nothing exaggerated in her style of dress, which was always of rich materials, but in perfect taste. She generally, in order to conceal the excessive spareness of her

form, wore a high gown, fitting tight round the long, slight throat, and falling in heavy folds; the lace collar being fastened by some costly ornament. Her head, which was beautifully shaped, was generally adorned only by her thick waving hair. Her eyes were very deeply set, and too jet black to be soft or pleasing; her profile was regular in its outline, but her face was long and narrow, and bore evident traces of its Jewish origin. She had very small, well-formed hands, with long, thin, taper fingers, and pink nails remarkably "bien soignés." Her manner in a drawing-room was particularly quiet, pleasing, and ladylike. She was neither forward nor servile; never forcing herself on any one's acquaintance, and yet never accepting a position of humiliation.

I could completely understand how thoroughly English society had been taken in during her first visit to London, and how the most strait-laced dowagers had invited her, almost on a footing of intimacy, to their houses and select parties. It is true that she had not then completely thrown all appearance of propriety to the winds, as in her later career. I think I may say, without subjecting

myself to any accusation of scandal or exaggeration, that no woman ever went beyond Rachel in immorality.

I have heard men say that it was just that contrast between her "company" manners, so distinguished, graceful, and dignified, and the coarse ribald tone which she assumed when at ease with her boon companions, that fascinated them. She must have studied vice as another might have studied virtue, and instead of feigning to appear better than she really was, it seemed to be her glory to show to her admirers the darkest shades of her character, and make them kneel down and worship the idol of mud they had set up.

Rachel exercised a wonderful power over numerous admirers, whom she took no pains to blind or to deceive. One day the Count D——, one of the most agreeable and gentlemanlike of the "élégants" of that epoch, who had been for some time in her good graces, called to see Mlle. Rachel by appointment. He was told that she was not visible; but from what he overheard, he had reason to believe that a certain illustrious prince was at that very moment shut up in her boudoir. Forced to retreat,

Count D—— met Rachel's physician, who was coming in, and poured forth such a volley of invectives as led Dr X—— to imagine that all was at an end, and that D——'s eyes were opened at last. He congratulated his friend, terminating with the truly French phrase, "Que voulez-vous, mon cher ami? c'est une ignoble créature!" to which D—— echoed back with a second torrent of abuse, touching especially on the lady's physical defects. He then shook hands with X——, and quickly added in an under-tone, "Je reviendrai ce soir!"

Rachel had some redeeming points. She was extremely kind to her poor relations, and if a case of real distress was placed before her she would give generously and without ostentation.

Sir James Kempt and Mr Davies.—General Sir James Kempt, who died at a very advanced age about ten or twelve years since, refused at different times the high posts of Commander-in-Chief in India, and Commander-in-Chief in England; and, I have heard, even that of Governor-General. His great abilities and bravery were only equalled by his

modesty and simplicity of manners. It is said that he began life as a clerk at Greenwood's, the army agent's, and for his good conduct was recommended for a commission in the army.

The Duke of York took a great fancy to Kempt, and put him into one of our crack fighting regiments, where, if a man was not knocked on the head, he was sure to make his way. Kempt greatly distinguished himself, and rose rapidly to the highest honours of the profession. When Kempt was at Greenwood's, Mr Davies was the principal clerk of the establishment, and it happened that a brother of the latter was a tailor in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, with a very large and lucrative trade. The tailor died suddenly, and Davies, who was his sole heir, abandoned his clerkship and succeeded his brother in the business, so that the junior clerk at Greenwood's house became a General, and the senior official sunk into the ninth part of a man.

THE CORN-LAW RIOTS AND LORD CASTLEREAGH.—When I call to mind the dangerous state of the country at that time, the very bad feeling of the

people towards the upper classes, the want of employment in the manufacturing districts, and the great misery all over England from the high price of bread,—when I recollect, at the same time, the total absence of any sort of police, and the small military force we possessed, I am astonished that some fatal catastrophe did not occur in the years immediately following the war.

'Those who remember the Luddite riots, the Corn-Law riots, the Spitalfields meetings, and other public demonstrations of a people driven to madness by every sort of oppression, will agree with me in thinking that those were days of great peril. I recollect, during the Corn-Law riots in London, having walked from St James's Palace (where I was on guard) to St James's Square. I there beheld, collected together, thousands of the lowest of the London rabble. These ruffians, with loud shouts, and threats of summary vengeance on the Ministers, were at the time I arrived breaking the windows of most of the houses in the square. The Life Guards were patrolling in the neighbouring streets, and, whenever they appeared, were received with volleys of stones mingled with mud, and cries of "Down

with the Piccadilly butchers!" The mob was evidently bent on more mischief, and I beheld one man exciting the crowd to force the doors of the Bishop of London's residence. As the fellow was making a rush against it, I told him to desist, or I would immediately run my sword through his body. This threat had the effect of calming the gentleman's ardour; he skulked away, and was soon lost in the crowd.

I was afterwards returning towards King Street, when I was accosted by Lord Castlereagh. He thanked me for the energy I had displayed, but recommended a little more discretion in future; "for the mob," said he, "is not so dangerous as you think." This remarkable man was quietly looking on while his windows were being broken by these ruffians. I see him before me now, dressed in a blue coat buttoned up to the chin, a blue spenser, kerseymere breeches, long gaiters, shoes covered by galoshes, and a white neckcloth. He was a particularly handsome man, possessed great pluck and energy, and on this occasion appeared perfectly calm and unconcerned, and not in the slightest degree ruffled by the popular excesses and the abuse

which was liberally heaped upon himself and his colleagues in the government.

THEN AND NOW.—Perhaps it is because I am growing old, and woman has less power to charm than heretofore; but, whatever may be the reason, I cannot help thinking that, in "the merry days when I was young," or "in my hot youth, when George the Third was king," the women of England were more beautiful, better bred, and more distinguished in appearance, and, above all, in manner, than they are now-a-days. How grand they used to look, with their tall, stately forms, small, thoroughbred heads, and long, flowing ringlets, dreamlike fair, and queenly as Ossian's fabled daughters! You could not help feeling somewhat elated and self-satisfied, if perchance one of those sidelong glances, half-proud, half-bashful, like a petted child's, fell upon you, leaving you silent and pensive, full of hopes and memories. Egad! it was worth being loved by such women as those! And if there were then, as now, tales of sin and shame, there were also the extenuating circumstances of strong tempta-

tion, overwhelming passion, self-sacrifice, remorse: often the blighted heart and early grave—things almost unknown in these days of flirtation and frivolity.

I do not mean to say that there are not now, as there always have been in every state of society, beautiful and amiable women, combining good sense and high principle; but there are too many who seem to have taken for their ideal a something between the dashing London horse-breaker and some Parisian "artiste dramatique" of a third-rate theatre; the object of whose ambition is to be mistaken for a "femme du demi-monde," to be insulted when they walk out with their petticoats girt up to their knees, shewing (to do them justice) remarkably pretty feet and legs, and to wearing wide-awake hats over painted cheeks and brows, and walk with that indescribable, jaunty, "devil-may-care" look which is considered "the right thing" now-a-days,—to make sporting bets,—to address men as Jack, Tom, or Harry,—to ride ahead in the Park,—to call the paterfamilias "governor," and the lady mother "the old party,"—to talk of the young men who "spoon" them, and discuss with them the merits

of "Skittles" and her horses, or the last scandalous story fabricated in the bay window at White's, the very faintest allusion to which would have made their mothers' hair stand on end with dismay and horror:—this is to be pleasant, and "fast," and amusing. The young lady, who is weak enough to blush if addressed rather too familiarly, and so unwise as to ignore the existence of "les dames aux camélias," is called "slow," and distanced altogether: in the London steeplechase after husbands she is "nowhere"—an outsider—a female muff. The girl of the year 1862 who is not "fast" is voted dull, "blasée," and pleased with nothing, unless she possesses neither the wisdom of age nor the "naïveté" of youth.

I have often heard discussions on the comparative degrees of worldliness in London and Parisian society. It has been my lot in my day to mingle much in both, and I should be inclined to bestow the palm for frivolity on our volatile neighbours the French, and adjudge to my own countrywomen that of worldliness. In Paris, the atmosphere is light, clear, and brilliant; conversation free and easy; and the people really love pleasure for plea-

sure's sake. From the dapper little grisette in her neat calico gown and tidy cap, who accompanies her favourite "étudiant" Leon Lionceau to the Closerie des Lilas, and winds up with cold veal, salad, and beer, at six in the morning, in her beloved's garret on the sixth storey, to the high-bred Comtesse, who, after a round of balls, "comes to champagne and a chicken at last" at the Maison Dorée with that magnificent dandy, Athur de Crèvecœur, it is all the same mad, and, to a certain degree, successful hunt after amusement. "Vive le plaisir!" is the cry of the Parisian population. They invoke it, and it does come; they grasp the shadow of it as it flies rapidly along; and they would sell the soul (of whose existence they doubt) for that day of pleasure in which they fully believe. As far as they can manage it, they strive to make life one joyous holiday.

Now the good Londoners do not seem as if they expected to be amused. As Froissart said of them five hundred years ago, "they take their pleasure sadly," with long faces and lugubrious voices, set to a particular whining tone. Mrs Danby Tremayne comes up for the London season, hires a house in Lower Grosvenor Street, very dark, very

dirty, very dear, and nurtures in her expansive bosom the stern determination "to go everywhere," —that is, within the range of the charmed circle yclept good society. Mrs Danby Tremayne would be unspeakably wretched if her name and those of all her daughters who have been presented, did not figure in the columns of the *Morning Post*. In spite of her antiquated notions concerning the propriety of deportment and modesty of speech becoming youthful maidens, she would force those shy, demure, straight-laced, red-elbowed damsels, to frisk about, talk slang, and wear wide-awakes, and praise Anonyma, if by these means she could get an invitation to —— House, or see the faintest chance of capturing some fast young lord.

Amelia, Countess of Crinoline, who is on the wrong side of fifty, is worn to a shadow in running after what is called pleasure. She considers herself in duty bound to shew her poor hollow cheeks and skinny shoulders everywhere, lest it should be said that she is voted an "old party," and only asked to "rococo" drums. That worn-out, painted old harridan, Lady Rattlesnake, whose daughters, ay, and grand-daughters too, are all

married, and going their melancholy rounds on their own account, takes possession of some handsome, but friendless damsel, and uses her as a decoy to obtain invitations and an arm to lean upon and throw her cloak over her gaunt shoulders. And woe betide the poor dependent girl if the expected civilities are wanting, and the good-looking young guardsman, who delights to gaze into Isabella's bright eyes and whisper soft nonsense in her ear, should rebel at finding himself compelled to make the agreeable and give his arm to the withered old mummy, call her carriage, &c. &c. Should he take himself off, muttering, "This won't pay," the ancient dowager on her way home snubs poor Isabella, accuses her of being slow, stupid, unattractive, and so on; and the wretched girl, as she throws her beautiful head wearily back on the cushions, murmurs to herself, echoing the devil's whisper, "I have not been fast enough to please him this evening; but to-morrow he will hand out Lady Rattlesnake with all the ardour of a youthful lover."

In London in bygone days a worldly man or woman would, without scruple, cut their father or

mother did they not belong to the particular set which they considered good society. Mr S—— was once riding in the Park many years ago with the Marquis of C——, then one of the kings of the fashionable world, and some other dandies of that day, when they met a respectable-looking elderly man, who nodded somewhat familiarly to S——. "Who's your friend?" drawled Lord C——. "That?" replied S——, "oh, a very good sort of a fellow, one of my Cheshire farmers." It was his own father; a most amiable and excellent man, and who had better blood in his veins, and a larger fortune, than any of the lordlings by whom his unworthy son was surrounded. A celebrated leader of fashion, Lady X——, never asked her own mother, a well-born and well-conducted, but somewhat eccentric person, to any of her parties: she ignored her very existence; and yet she was by nature a kind, well-meaning, and good-natured woman. But the world's canker had eaten into her heart.

In these days of railways and monster parties, the folly of exclusiveness has very much died away: cutting near relatives is out of fashion—it is un-

necessary in the whirl and bustle of life. There is little chance of meeting those we do not seek; and there is more self-respect among those who do not belong to the upper ten thousand. Jones does not care one straw whether young Lord Popinjay cuts him or not. He has his own circle of admirers —his own particular summer and winter toady. He is a much better-looking fellow; and while Popinjay is sending Perdita or Imogen Kettledrum enormous bouquets, and catching cold under her window, the handsome Jones is snugly ensconced in the lady's boudoir, eating pigeon-pie and mimicking the unlucky lord. Miss Jackson, if a pretty girl, a good dancer, and showy rider, will have more partners and invitations than Lady Araminta Drystick, with her ancient pedigree and aristocratic airs.

How unspeakably odious—with a few brilliant exceptions, such as Alvanley and others—were the dandies of forty years ago. They were a motley crew, with nothing remarkable about them but their insolence. They were generally not high-born, nor rich, nor very good-looking, nor clever, nor agreeable; and why they arrogated to themselves the right of setting up their own fancied superiority

on a self-raised pedestal, and despising their betters, Heaven only knows. They were generally middle-aged, some even elderly men, had large appetites and weak digestions, gambled freely, and had no luck. They hated everybody, and abused everybody, and would sit together in White's bay window, or the pit boxes at the Opera, weaving tremendous crammers. They swore a good deal, never laughed, had their own particular slang, looked hazy after dinner, and had most of them been patronised at one time or other by Brummel and the Prince Regent.

These gentlemen were very fond of having a butt. Many years ago Tom Raikes filled this capacity; though he did kick out sometimes, and to some purpose. They gloried in their shame, and believed in nothing good, or noble, or elevated. Thank Heaven, that miserable race of used-up dandies has long been extinct! May England never look upon their like again!

With regard to France, I should say that the general run of French dandies now-a-days is a sorry mixture of coxcombry and snobbishness. Young France thinks he has done wonders when he has

ascended the giddy height of a hideous dog-cart, with a gigantic groom fastened on behind by some mysterious adhesive process, which does not seem altogether to reassure John, (all Frenchmen's grooms rejoice in this appellation; be their names Pierre or Paul, when once they put on leathers and boots they become John.) Another amusement of the Parisian "élégants," which surprises Englishmen, is to drive about in solitary glory in a brougham or barouche and pair. You see fifteen-stone men, with tremendous whiskers and moustaches, who ought to be taking violent exercise on horseback or on foot, driven up and down the fashionable promenade by the lake in the Bois de Boulogne, lolling on well-stuffed rose-coloured cushions, and ogling through their eye-glasses the fair and frail damsels in gorgeous equipages who frequent this drive.

What used to be called, thirty or forty years ago, "la jeunesse dorée," may now be termed "la jeunesse Ruoltz," a base imitation of the precious metal: and this term well explains the difference that exists between the dandies of the olden time and the wretched swells of the present day. Formerly, if young men were guilty of follies, those follies were

committed with some energy, enjoyment, and zest, and that ardour and "entrain" which accounts for, if it does not excuse them; but now they take their pleasure sadly, soberly, and stupidly, as if, when they ruin themselves at their clubs, at baccarat or quinze, or in giving horses and India shawls and diamonds to some fashionable Phryne, they were performing some painful but necessary duty. They are "blasés" and "ennuyés," and, above all, "ennuyeux." Formerly, one used to hear, in the scandalous tittle-tattle of the day, that Monsieur X—— was desperately in love with Mademoiselle ——; but now, all that is ever said is that "an intrigue is being carried on," or that "such and such a lady has captured her prey." "And is Monsieur X—— also very much enamoured?" I once inquired. The answer was, "Il subit courageusement son bonheur."

I heard the other day a good story of a well-known Frenchman, M. de St ——, having fallen in love with the not very attractive wife of a great financier. The various phases of his courtship were of course related to the half-dozen intimate myrmidons who surround every Frenchman of note

in the fashionable world, and who echo back his opinions like the chorus in a Greek tragedy. One day this select circle see M. de St —— arrive with a face expressive of the deepest dismay. He sinks into a chair apparently quite overwhelmed, and hides his face in his handkerchief. "What has happened?" asks the chorus. "Has she proved faithless? are you betrayed?" What pen could render the look of despair, which formed a ludicrous contrast with M. de St ——'s somewhat bacchanalian features, as he shrieked out, "Mes amis, je suis perdu! elle m'a pris au serieux!"

This reminds me of a truly French story, of a man who, after a long siege, had at last obtained the promise of a reward for his patience and perseverance; but there was one condition—he must take his solemn oath, "sur l'âme de sa mère," that he would never breathe the tale of his success to mortal ear. The Frenchman was honest, and frankly answered, "J'aime mieux m'en aller;" in other words, "What would be the use of a 'bonne fortune' if I am to keep it to myself?"

I remember an amusing adventure happening to my friend the Count de M——, then an "homme à

bonnes fortunes," with beautiful fair hair and a light active figure, but now an elderly gentleman, somewhat bald, and very stout. He was, I am sorry to say, paying an evening visit to a fair lady during her husband's absence, when that gentleman unexpectedly returned, and the room having only one door, which was to give ingress to the jealous husband, the gallant gay Lothario, after looking wildly round the room for a hiding-place, took refuge in a large old-fashioned clock-case which stood in a corner of the room. There he ensconced himself; and, as his entry stopped the pendulum, he tried with his tongue against his palate to imitate the ticking noise of the clock; hoping that the husband would make a short stay, and that he would be soon released from his uncomfortable situation.

But that gentleman, who had been privately warned by an anonymous letter that all was not right at home, shewed no symptoms of moving from the large arm-chair, just in front of the clock, where he had taken up his position. My unfortunate friend could no longer keep on the clicking noise,—his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth,—and he had to keep silence. The husband arose, cry-

ing out to his wife, "'Chère amie,' the clock is stopped: I must wind it up." Before the lady could arrest his progress, he had opened the door and found the young Lovelace tightly wedged in. "What are you doing there, you villain?" shouted the enraged husband. "Je me promène," replied the young man.

One more anecdote of "la jeunesse Ruoltz." A lady of certain virtue, and uncertain age, had been courted by a young "fashionable" in a moment of "désœuvrement" in a country house. The lady was flattered, and at last fell in love, but held out for a time, when one fine day, as the gentleman was languidly pressing his suit, she exclaimed, throwing herself on his neck in an agony of tears, "Eh bien, Raoul, je me damne pour toi!" "Et moi, je me sauve!" responded the terrified Lovelace; and, seizing his hat, he rushed to the stable, mounted his horse, and was never seen or heard of again.

Talking of Lovelaces, there was a rather amusing story of my old friend, Dan M'Kinnon of the Guards, to whom I have already alluded. He was very good-looking, and a great favourite with the fair sex; and, at the time of which I speak, many, many

years ago, he was beloved by Miss C——; and ill-natured people said that they "loved not wisely, but too well." Unfortunately people don't fall simultaneously out of love as they do into it, and, as generally occurs, the lady proved the most faithful of the pair. When Miss C—— could no longer doubt that she was forsaken, and that some more fortunate rival had taken her place, she wrote a letter full of despair and reproaches, with threats of suicide, commanding M'Kinnon to send her back the lock of hair which she had given him in happier days, &c. The barbarian gave no written answer to this passionate appeal, but sent his orderly to the lady, (who was a person of high birth and aristocratic connexions,) with a large packet or portfolio containing innumerable locks of hair, from gray to flaxen, from raven to red, with a message that she was to choose from maong them her own property. Miss C——'s answer was to dash the whole collection into the fire.

SUMNER, AND OTHER ETON MASTERS.—When I was a boy at Eton, now, alas! many, many years

ago, by far the most popular tutor was Dr Sumner, whose loss as Archbishop of Canterbury we have lately had to deplore. This most able and excellent man went by the name of "Crumpety Sumner," whether from some fancied resemblance in his fine open countenance to that farinaceous esculent, or from some episode of his more youthful days, I was never able to discover; but I can safely say that no one was more universally beloved throughout the precincts of the venerable college of Henry VI. than he was.

This respected Eton tutor, after passing through many intermediary posts of great utility and importance, became primate of England, with the applause of all who had at any time been brought within the sphere of his beneficent influence. He was at once the most learned, able, and at the same time the most modest and unpretending of men. Though he lived to a great age, his mind was vigorous to the last, and he preserved all the fire and energy which distinguished him in youth, and which was always exercised for some useful and benevolent purpose. Peace to his ashes! I feel proud to have known him, "memor actæ non alio

rege puertiæ," and regret to think that so much of his advice and example should not have brought better fruit in me.

But I had very different examples in other tutors who were contemporaries of Sumner. Two of them, Drury and Knapp, were good-natured men enough, but passionately devoted to theatricals. Instead of gratifying this taste by burning midnight oil in their chambers in the perusal of Æschylus, Sophocles, and other great masters of the Greek drama, they used to start for London after school, to get in time for the theatre, and passed their nights in jovial suppers with that great but eccentric genius, Edmund Kean. They terminated these little expeditions by driving back, with very bad headaches, (for Edmund always "forswore thin potations,") in a vehicle the very sight of which would have struck horror into "Henry's holy shade," could he or it have beheld two Eton tutors in a curricle. Nothing was ever seen like it since the famous "'patres conscripti' took a boat and went to Philippi;" and I can only account for their predilection in favour of this particular vehicle, by a classical remembrance of the third line of the First Ode of Horace, "Sunt quos curriculo pulverem

Olympicum." The "pulverem Olympicum" was on this occasion the Slough road.

One fine day, these jovial pedagogues, unmindful of the adage of "Maxima sit puero reverentia," took with them two of my chums, John Scott, the son of Lord Eldon, and Lord Sunderland, the late Duke of Marlborough. The curricles were again brought into play, and they arrived in a few hours at the Hummums, a famous hotel in Covent Garden, where Kean had ordered dinner.

With such an example as the great actor, it is no wonder that they drank pretty freely; and as every one did in those jovial days, they sallied out after dinner in search of adventures. They created such a disturbance, that, after several chivalrous encounters with the watchmen, they were taken to Bow Street, and had to be bailed out of durance vile by the secretary of the all-powerful Chancellor, who had been apprised of their mishap. This incident created much scandal. The two tutors were threatened with the loss of their places, and clerical degradation; but Lord Eldon, who was no enemy to a bottle of port, threw over them the mantle of

his protection, and they got off without incurring the punishment they so richly deserved.

COUNT MONTROND.—This well-known personage belonged to a good family, and had already taken his place in the best French society before the first Revolution. He was an inveterate gambler, rarely lost, and lived like a man possessed of a large fortune. When very young, at the court of Marie Antoinette, a certain Monsieur de Champagne, an officer of the Guards, who was playing at cards with him, said, "Monsieur, vous trichez." Montrond answered, with the "sang-froid" which distinguished him through life under every circumstance, "C'est possible; mais je n'aime pas qu'on me le dise," and threw the cards in Champagne's face.

They fought next morning with swords, and Montrond was run through the body. He was confined to his bed for two months, but when he got well again, called out Monsieur de Champagne, and, although he received another wound, succeeded in killing his adversary. This duel set him up in the

world as a dangerous man to meddle with, and saved him from many insults, to which his very suspicious luck at play would have exposed him. Talleyrand said, "à propos" of this, "Il vit sur son mort."

Montrond was thrown into prison during the reign of terror. For many days he expected every morning to be his last; and he used to relate that he had observed that those who shewed themselves much at the windows, or talked to the sentry through the bars, were generally called for the next morning to be guillotined. He in consequence kept himself very much in the background, and remained at last with only one companion, an old lady, in his cell. One morning he heard so great a noise in the street, that he, with his usual caution, persuaded his companion to speak to the sentry, who said, "Robespierre is dead—you will soon be free!"

He was released very shortly afterwards, and became intimate with Barras, and other leading men of that time. He shortly afterwards formed that intimacy with Prince Talleyrand which lasted through life. On one occasion the prince, who was at that time minister for foreign affairs under Napoleon, gave Montrond some information which enabled

him to gain twenty thousand pounds on the Bourse. When this lucky "coup" had been achieved, Talleyrand said to him, "My dear Montrond, now you have got a large sum of money, you must think of investing it. Where will you place it?" "Place it! why, in my desk, to be sure."

Montrond was always very improvident, and spent during his life enormous sums of money. He was always much disliked by the Emperor Napoleon I., partly, it was said, from his being supposed to be an admirer of one of the imperial princesses, and partly owing to some kind friend having repeated "bon-mots" made upon majesty itself: for his bitter and sarcastic wit spared no one. In spite of this dislike, strange to say, he was selected by Fouché, in 1815, during the Hundred Days, when all other negotiations had failed, to undertake a mission as confidential as it was difficult. He was to start for Vienna under an assumed name, giving himself out to be a learned botanist, and try to win over Prince Talleyrand, pacify Prince Metternich, and, if possible, persuade the Empress Marie Louise to return to Paris.

After being honoured with a private interview

by the Emperor Napoleon, he started, and, on his arrival at Vienna, saw Talleyrand and Metternich, but soon found that there was no hope of bringing matters to a satisfactory solution. He afterwards obtained access to the gardens of Schœnbrunn, where Marie Louise was then residing. She was passionately fond of flowers, and Montrond, under his assumed character, was able to accost her during her walks, and deliver the message with which he had been charged. He soon found, as he told his friends on his return, "that a woman so devoted to tulips would not care much for her husband's laurels," and that she was, in fact, completely estranged from the emperor.

I knew Montrond well, but several years later; he had then no trace of having been the "charmant garçon" tradition represents him. He was rather above the middle height, and what the English novelists call "embonpoint," and had the appearance of a "vieux bonhomme." He was perfectly bald, had blue eyes, very small features, and a florid complexion. There was a peculiar twinkle in his eye, which boded no good to the victim he had selected for his prey.

His countenance, as beheld by a casual observer, bore the stamp of an almost Pickwickian benevolence; but, on a closer inspection, there lurked behind this mask of mild philanthropy the stinging wit of Voltaire, mingled with the biting sarcasm of Rogers or Sir Philip Francis. Montrond had none of the lively gestures or grimaces with which most foreigners adorn their conversation: his manner was singularly quiet. He was not a great talker, nor did he swagger, speak about himself, or laugh at his own "bon-mots." He was demure, sleek, sly, and dangerous. He would receive with a paternal air the silly quizzing of some feeble jester, but then would come the twinkle of that little pale blue eye, and then the poor moth or butterfly was ground to pieces on the wheel of his sharp sarcastic wit. But to return to his history. On his first visit to England, Byron is supposed to allude to him as the

> "'Preux chevalier de la Ruse'
> Whom France and fortune lately deign'd to waft here,
> Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
> But the clubs found it rather serious laughter.
> Because, such was his magic power to please,
> The cards seem'd charm'd, too, by his repartees."

In the London clubs he went by the name of

Old French, and managed to win very large sums of money off Lord Sefton, (the only specimen I ever saw of a gigantic hunchback,) who, with all his wit and cleverness, lost very largely on all occasions, as well as of the late Lord Foley, the Duke of York, and many others.

"Who the deuce is this Montrond?" said the Duke of York, one day to Arthur Upton.

"They say, sir," replied Upton, "that he is the most agreeable scoundrel and the greatest reprobate in France."

"Is he, by Jove!" said H.R.H.; "then let us ask him to dinner immediately."

The invitation was sent and accepted, and Montrond, as usual, made himself very agreeable, and became a constant guest at the dinner-table of H.R.H.; and, unfortunately, at his whist-table also, by which the duke was a loser of many thousand pounds. Montrond lived in the best society both at Paris and in London, and was on terms, if not of intimacy, at all events of familiarity, with many of the greatest people in Europe. In the latter years of his life he resided in the Place Vendôme, in an apartment now occupied by Mr Brooke Greville,

and was in the receipt of a pension of two thousand pounds a year from Louis Philippe; with some of whose secrets he was acquainted, and with whom he had been mixed up in various political intrigues, before the citizen-king came to the throne. He was universally considered to be one of the wittiest men of the age: but all his "bon-mots" were in French, and the greater part of them lose by translation; so I hope my readers will excuse me if I give them in the original.

His death was a very wretched one. Left alone to the tender mercies of a well-known "lorette" of those days, Desirée R——, as he lay upon his bed, between fits of pain and drowsiness, he could see his fair friend picking from his shelves the choicest specimens of his old Sèvres china, or other articles of "virtu." Turning to his doctor, he said, with a gleam of his old fun,

"Qu'elle est attachante, cette femme là!"

Shortly before his death he received the visit of Count Charles de M——, a well-known dandy of that time, whom he liked to call one of his pupils, but who, fortunately, only resembled him in two points—natural wit, and rather extravagant habits.

He turned on the boon companion of his happier days a glance of hopeless regret, and said,

"My good friend, I have not got a shilling; I have no appetite; I can't drink; Desirée's only occupation is to carry off my best china. 'Je vous demande un peu si c'est là Montrond?'"

There is a moral in this tale, but perhaps this is not the book in which to note it down; so I will let my readers find it out for themselves.

The following are some of Montrond's best sayings; the two first have been falsely attributed to Talleyrand:—"La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour l'aider à cacher sa pensée." "Défiez-vous des premiers mouvements; ils sont presque toujours bons." "S'il vous arrive quelque-chose d'heureux, ne manquez pas d'aller le dire à vos amis, afin de leur faire de la peine."

Emile de Girardin, the famous political writer, a natural son of Alexandre de Girardin, becoming celebrated, Montrond said to the father, "Dépêchez-vous de le reconnaître, ou bientôt il ne vous reconnaitra pas."

A French general, Count F——, well known in English circles, who had the misfortune to be bald-

headed, said that he wished to make a present to a lady, and to give her something rare. "Give her a lock of your hair," remarked Montrond.

The Bailli de Ferrette was always dressed in knee-breeches, with a cocked hat and a court sword, the slender proportions of which greatly resembled those of his legs. "Do tell me, my dear Bailli," said Montrond, one day, "have you got three legs or three swords?"

In General Malet's conspiracy, the Duke de Rovigo, then minister of police, was seized by the conspirators and taken to prison. His wife, very much alarmed at seeing her husband carried off, jumped out of bed in a very simple costume. Montrond said, "Le ministre a été faible; mais sa femme s'est bien montrée."

A friend, who was about to marry the natural daughter of the Duke de ——, was expatiating at great length on the virtues, good qualities, and talents of his future wife, but without making any allusion to her birth. "At'entendre," observed Montrond, "on dirait que tu épouses une fille surnaturelle."

A very thin lady, with whom he had a violent

quarrel, saying, "Qu'elle lui ferait voir du pays," Montrond, calmly surveying her from head to foot, replied, "Madame, ce serait du plat pays."

SIR PEPPER ARDEN, FATHER OF LORD ALVANLEY.—This distinguished lawyer was of a violent and irascible temperament. Upon one occasion a Frenchman, accompanied by his interpreter, entered one of our law courts, when Sir Pepper, with a stentorian voice, and in a great rage, was haranguing the jury in a most unbecoming manner. The Frenchman, not understanding English, inquired what the lawyer's name was, saying he never saw or witnessed a more violent and irascible advocate. The interpreter translated literally Sir Pepper's name from English into French, and designed him as "Le Chevalier Poivre Ardent." "Par bleu! il est très bien nommé," replied the Frenchman.

JOHN KEMBLE.—In the autumn of 1821, I met Mr and Mrs Kemble at Lausanne, at a dinner given

by Lady Caroline Capel, (mother of the present Earl of Essex;) and a few weeks later I saw them again at Milan, where, as we lived at the same hôtel, I had the pleasure of passing much time in their company. The first evening we went together to the "Scala," I remember the great tragedian exclaiming, as he surveyed the proportions of that magnificent theatre, "How like old Drury!"

The opera pleased him well enough; but with the ballet he was quite delighted, and highly amused; for the dancers, by order of the police, were obliged to wear sky-blue pantaloons which reached down to their knees, but were so tight that the outline of the figure was more apparent, and the effect produced more indelicate, than if the usual gauze inexpressibles had been used. Kemble, after a hearty laugh, inveighed, in no measured terms, against the imperial government, saying—

"What bullies and savages these Austrians are! They interfere with the unfortunate Italians in everything, even in their amusements, and make even the dancing-girls put on the breeches of their Hungarian infantry."

I wish I could remember some of the numerous

anecdotes of this remarkable man, who, without being actually witty, had a vein of rich dry humour; which, contrasting with his grave classical face, deep sepulchral voice, and serious manner, had a very ludicrous effect.

John Kemble had the honour of giving the Prince of Wales some lessons in elocution. According to the vitiated pronunciation of the day, the prince, instead of saying "oblige," would say "obleege," upon which Kemble, with much disgust depicted upon his countenance, said—

"Sir, may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your royal jaws, and say 'oblige?'"

Conway was a mediocre actor, but a very handsome man, and a great favourite with the fair sex. On some one asking Kemble if Conway was a good actor, the only answer they could get from Kemble was, "Mr Conway, sir, is a very tall young man." "But what do you think of him?" "I think Mr Conway is a very tall young man."

One day he was saying, before Lord Blessington, who was an amateur actor of no mean capacity, that the worst professional player was better than the best amateur performer. Lord Blessington,

somewhat nettled by this observation, asked John Kemble if he meant to say that Conway acted better than he did.

"Conway," replied Kemble, in his most sepulchral voice, "is a very strong exception."

Like the Sheridans, the Kembles were a most remarkable family—John and his sister, Mrs Siddons, taking the lead; then came Mrs Twiss, Fanny, (now Mrs Butler,) the tragedian and authoress, Adelaide, (now Mrs Sartoris,) with her splendid musical talent, and their father, Charles Kemble, who, had he not been John's brother, would have been reckoned the first of English actors; and I believe that several young scions of the same stock, distinguished in their several professions, might be added to the list.

There is not only the stamp of genius and talent of a high order in this gifted family, but also a certain nobility of mind and feeling. We might say of one of them, "He or she comes of a good stock," and expect from them a kind word, a generous impulse, a self-denying action. No mean thought could take its birth in those broad, grand foreheads, expressive of the majestic calmness of strength and

power; and those full, firm, kind lips could not give vent to petty, spiteful, or malicious words. They were of the men and women one meets sometimes in good old England; not of the common clay, but cast in the Titanic mould. Would there were more such in our days of mediocrity!

REVOLUTION OF 1848.—The character of the two great outbreaks of popular feeling in 1830 and 1848 was widely different. The first had a far grander aspect, from the simple fact that, under the elder branch of the Bourbons, there were real grievances to redress. It was absolutely necessary to arrest the wide-spreading encroachments of the priesthood, and to crush the infatuated pride of aristocracy, which would have ignored the reforming work of 1789. The Revolution of 1830 was the expression of a strong genuine feeling, the death-struggle between blind superstition and that latent love for truth and liberty which cannot be trampled out of the human breast. But that of 1848 was of a very different kind.

There still hangs a kind of mystery over the ex-

act origin of the outbreak. Dark hints have been thrown out of treachery on the part of at least one of the leading Generals at that time. Many have supposed that there existed, in the bosom of the royal family of France itself, a plot to bring about the abdication of Louis Philippe, in favour of his grandson, the Count de Paris, under the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. It is thought that M. Thiers was the leading spirit of this plan, and that all the princes, except the Duke de Nemours, agreed to, or secretly approved of, this combination; and it is supposed that, in their anxiety to bring about this scheme, they allowed the revolutionary movement to gain ground, and wilfully ignored the republican feeling—which really existed in France before the French knew what a republic was. I do not pretend to vouch for the truth of these suppositions, but undoubtedly some of the events that occurred gave a colouring to them.

Various untoward circumstances, during 1847, had combined to excite the people and bring matters to a crisis. Among these may be noted the disgraceful trials in which some of the ministers had been implicated, and the murder of the poor Duchess

de Praslin. It was very much to be regretted that the perpetrator of this fearful crime did not expiate his guilt on the scaffold, and was allowed to commit suicide in his prison. Nay, more, to this day the people firmly believe that a convict who had died in prison was buried in the murderer's stead; and that the aristocratic criminal was suffered to escape, and still lives, under an assumed name, in Scotland. Very exciting works had been published. That splendid fable, "L'Histoire des Girondins," by Lamartine, had electrified the masses; while the popular novels of Eugène Sue had demoralised them, and inspired them with hatred against the more fortunate classes of society. There had been a bad harvest; and the French invariably render their government responsible for such disasters. The death of Madame Adelaide, the king's much-loved sister, and wise counsellor, having put a stop to all official gaieties, had also produced a bad effect on the commercial interests of Paris.

I cannot but think that royalty has no right to indulge in the outward expression of private grief, when the welfare of a large capital is at stake. A poor actor who has just heard of the death of his

wife or child, must needs paint his cheeks, still wet with the tears of natural affection, and come before the public with a breaking heart, to smile and jest for their amusement. Surely a monarch has also his obligations and duties; and if he takes the pay, and other pleasant parts of the kingly office, he should also bear his burthen, and fulfil his duties. Thus, he would secure far more efficaciously the sympathy of his people than if he were trying to force them to suffer with him.

Madame Adelaide was a clever, hard-headed, some say hard-hearted, woman of the world, and there can be no doubt that she exercised considerable influence over her royal brother. Her appearance was extremely "bourgeois," and without dignity. In speaking of their aunt, the princes used to say, "Notre tante est bonne femme au fond, mais un peu épicière." But it was just perhaps her want of refinement and royal dignity which adapted Madame Adelaide to the tone and councils of the citizen monarchy. However this may be, it was generally remarked that the king's mental faculties had been much impaired since his sister's death, which event took place in the early part of the

winter preceding his fall; that he was no longer the wise, prudent, energetic man of former days; and that his whole conduct during the last months of his reign was marked by vacillation of purpose, and a strange irritability of temper, as if he felt that he was going all wrong, but was hurried on by that blind fatality which drags monarchs down from their tottering thrones.

The extreme unpopularity of the ministers was another cause of Louis Philippe's downfall. M. Guizot, the "austere intrigant," as he has been cleverly designated, was himself of Spartan probity, and proud of his comparative poverty; but at the same time he permitted, or at all events did not prevent, the peculations and speculations on the "Bourse," founded on official news, of those employed under him. Neither was he likely, by his manner, or his language, to conciliate his numerous enemies.

I never can forget his attitude in the Chamber of Deputies during the period immediately preceding the fall of Louis Philippe. He seemed, with his fine head thrown proudly back, his eagle glance, his hard-flashing eye, his biting sarcasm, and disdainful

eloquence, to hurl defiance at his adversaries, and to dare them to the combat; just as a matador strives to irritate the bull he is going to fight by dashing a scarlet flag in his face: and, Heaven knows, the French require no stirring up, or egging on, to increase their natural pugnaciousness and irritability. Instead of answering the accusations of his political opponents, Guizot insulted them; and, firm in the consciousness of his own personal integrity, he covered the petty larcenies of his myrmidons, or the wholesale robberies of his colleagues, with the mantle of his stern morality.

I am "kein Freund," as the Germans say, to any class of courtiers; but I think the most hateful of all this hateful class were the Doctrinaires in office. They seemed to glory in the antipathy they inspired. Cold, dry, grasping, stingy, insolent and mean, they cared only for their master, inasmuch as he could minister to their ambition. There can, I think, be no doubt that the "morgue" and "maladresse" of his supporters had much to do with the fall of Louis Philippe; and though they talked a good deal of all they would have done to back him up, had he been wise enough to employ the

military means placed at his disposal, I firmly believe, that not one among the whole set would have sacrificed a thousand franc-note to keep the constitutional king on his throne. They played high—a royal crown for their stake; and when it was cast down into the mire by the triumphant mob, they vanished: to return when all was quiet, and make "de l'opposition" in the gilded saloons of their sumptuous Parisian houses.

To complete the series of unlucky circumstances, the two most popular princes of the royal family were absent in Algeria. The favour with which they were regarded by the lower orders was greatly increased by the rumour that they had fallen into disgrace with the king and his government on account of their liberal opinions. The Duke de Nemours, a brave and kind-hearted prince, did all he could to support his sister-in-law on her visit to the Chamber of Deputies; but he was paralysed by the conviction of his own unpopularity. He accomplished a difficult and dangerous duty without the "élan" which turns the soldier into a hero. He supported the duchess, but was unable to utter one of those stirring appeals which electrify an

audience, and, like a whirlwind, carry all before them: the duke, pale, serious, collected, was too resigned to be able to obtain a victory over the passions of an enthusiastic multitude. If the Duchess of Orleans, who was a woman full of energy and eloquence, had been allowed to speak, she would have won the day; but her voice was drowned in the cries of the infuriated mob.

On the eve of the day which was to see Louis Philippe hurled from his throne, I remember walking down the Boulevards, which were crowded with people. It has been generally remarked, that revolutionary movements in France never take place during very cold weather, and the last week of February 1848 was singularly mild and warm. It seemed to me during my promenade, that there was about the assembled masses that peculiar aspect of sullen defiance which characterises the Paris mobs before an outbreak.

I had had some experience in these matters, owing to my long residence in France, and I felt quite certain that the persons assembled at various points, and in divers groups, were combining their plans, and that we might look out for squalls. The

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only soldiers one saw on that day, the 23d, were the municipal guards; for the troops of the line were confined to their barracks. Unfortunately, the municipal guards did not shew much forbearance in their treatment of the people, invariably answering their vociferations by a charge. It would have been far wiser, in my opinion, not to have irritated the mob by these half-measures, which could be productive of no beneficial result. When the troops were called out, instead of being made to act immediately, they were allowed to stand all day and all night in the streets, weary, unoccupied, and without provisions, to endure the jeering of the "gamins" and the cajoling of the workmen, or rather "émeutiers" disguised as workmen and carrying arms under their blouses. This long inaction, coupled with physical exhaustion, brought about their fraternising with the mob, which lost the Orleans dynasty one of the finest thrones in the world.

I lived at this period in the Place de la Madeleine, and could observe from my windows the increasing numbers of the populace, and the insolence of their bearing. As I went to my club at the Café de Paris, I saw a battalion of the 14th Regiment of

the line, stationed in the garden of the Foreign Office, which was then on the Boulevards.

The king, at the time I mention, had at last consented to dismiss his ministers, and to replace them by members of the liberal party. There was great joy at this news, and even a commencement of illuminations in consequence. At the club where I was dining, the friends of the monarchy were rejoicing at the prospect of matters being satisfactorily arranged; when, just as we were all congratulating ourselves on the peaceful termination of the "émeute," a terrific yell burst upon our ears. Its cause was soon explained. On rushing to the windows, we beheld a large cart full of dead and dying persons, followed by an immense concourse of men and women in the highest state of excitement, flinging their arms up towards heaven, and shouting out, "Aux armes!" "Vengeons nos frères!" We soon learnt what had occurred.

A large and peaceable crowd had collected before the Foreign Office, the garden of which looked upon the Boulevard des Capucines, and were gazing with Parisian delight at the illumination, when it is supposed that the republican party, enraged at seeing

peace restored by the announcement of a change of ministry, determined to strike a murderous blow at the tottering monarchy, and—with that utter disregard of human life, which characterises Frenchmen when they have a political end in view—put forward an agent, (Lagrange,) who fired a pistol-shot at the officer commanding the battalion. The soldiers immediately responded by a volley of musketry upon the unsuspecting people, and strewed the Boulevard with dead and wounded. Many of the corpses were placed by the revolutionary party upon a cart to excite the passions of the people, and followed by vast crowds shouting vengeance.

From my club window that evening, I witnessed another extraordinary sight. An infuriated mob broke into the shop of a gunmaker opposite, and robbed him of every weapon he possessed: guns, pistols, swords, sabres, carbines, were slung round the shoulders, or fastened round the waists of men and boys, who were all singing the forbidden "Marseillaise," and the "Chant de Départ," and shouting seditious cries. In a few hours, barricades were raised, as if by magic, on every point of Paris, ready for the conflict that commenced at break of day.

I went out early on the following morning, and visited the Place de la Concorde, where several regiments of cavalry had bivouacked; and owing to the blundering and mismangement of the military authorities,—who all seemed to have taken leave of their senses,—the troops had remained all night, the men without any food, and the horses with neither corn nor hay. From the Place de la Concorde, I directed my steps to the Boulevard Montmartre, by the Palais Royal, and the Rue Vivienne.

I spoke to several persons, all of whom appeared disgusted at the unaccountable apathy shewn by the Government. As I passed along the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, I witnessed a strange scene: a regiment of the line, who, if they had been well led, would have put to flight all the mob of Paris, were actually in the hands of the "émeutiers," who had persuaded the soldiers to give up their muskets. A General rode up and addressed the crowd, saying that the soldiers would never more fire on their brethren. Upon which there was a tremendous shout of applause.

I then endeavoured to make my way to the Chamber of Deputies, but could not reach it owing

to the denseness of the crowd. I met a member of my club, Emmanuel Arago, son of the great astronomer. Having always been a republican, and opposed to Louis Philippe's government, he was radiant with joy; and after leaving me, he placed himself at the head of sixty or seventy of the armed mob, and forced his way into the Chamber. At the moment when the regency of the Duchess of Orleans would probably have been proclaimed, Emmanuel Arago's friends made their way into the tribunes, and levelled their muskets at the heads of Sauzet, the President, and other members of the Chamber, who were about to speak in favour of the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. The President and the Deputies left their seats; Arago and his friends raised an immense shout of "Vive la Republique!" Lamartine, then Ledru Rollin, Crémieux, and other Deputies of extreme opinions, were listened to with attention; and they undertook to establish a Provisional Government, and to adjourn to the Hôtel de Ville.

In this extraordinary manner, and almost I may say by chance, the Orleans dynasty ceased to reign over the French people; and Louis Philippe—long

reputed the Nestor of monarchs, the wisest sovereign in Europe—was driven from the throne, as he constantly exclaimed during his flight—"Absolument comme Charles X.!—Absolument comme Charles X.!"

ROGERS AND LUTTRELL.—I saw a good deal of the poet Rogers during his frequent visits to Paris; and often visited him in his apartments, which were always on the fourth or fifth storey of the hotel or private house in which he lived. He was rich, and by no means avaricious, and chose those lofty chambers partly from a poetic wish to see the sun rise with greater brilliancy, and partly from a fancy that the exercise he was obliged to take in going up and down stairs, would prove beneficial to his liver.

I could relate many unpublished anecdotes of Rogers, but they lose their piquancy when one attempts to narrate them. There was so much in his appearance, in that cadaverous, unchanging countenance, in the peculiar low drawling voice, and rather tremulous accents in which he spoke. His intonations were very much those one fancies a ghost would use if forced by some magic spell to

give utterance to sounds. The mild venom of every word was a remarkable trait in his conversation. One might have compared the old poet to one of those velvety caterpillars that crawl gently and quietly over the skin, but leave an irritating blister behind. To those, like myself, who were "sans" consequence, and with whom he feared no rivalry, he was very good-natured and amiable, and a most pleasant companion, with a fund of curious anecdote about everything and everybody. But woe betide those in great prosperity and renown; they had, like the Roman emperor, in Rogers the personification of the slave who bade them "remember they were mortal."

At an evening party many years since at Lady Jersey's, every one was praising the Duke of B——, who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority. There was a perfect chorus of admiration, to this effect: "Everything is in his favour —he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a year." Rogers, who had been carefully examining the "young ruler," listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked, with an air of great exultation, and

in his most venomous manner, "Thank God, he has got bad teeth!"

His well-known epigram on Mr Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley—

> "They say that Ward's no heart, but I deny it;
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it"—

was provoked by a remark made at table by Mr Ward. On Rogers observing that his carriage had broken down, and that he had been obliged to come in a hackney-coach, Mr Ward grumbled out in a very audible whisper, "In a hearse, I should think;" alluding to the poet's corpse-like appearance. This remark Rogers never forgave; and I have no doubt pored for days over his retaliatory impromptu, for he had no facility in composition: Sydney Smith used to say that if Rogers was writing a dozen verses, the street was strewn with straw, the knocker tied up, and the answer to the tender inquiries of his anxious friends was, that Mr Rogers was as well as could be expected.

It used to be very amusing in London to see Rogers with his "fidus Achates," Luttrell. They were inseparable, though rival wits, and constantly saying bitter things of each other. Luttrell was

the natural son of Lord Carhampton, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and in his youth known as the famous Colonel Luttrell of Junius. I consider him to have been the most agreeable man I ever met. He was far more brilliant in conversation than Rogers; and his animated, bustling manner formed an agreeable contrast with the spiteful calmness of his corpse-like companion. He was extremely irritable and even passionate; and in his moments of anger he would splutter and stutter like a maniac in his anxiety to give utterance to the flow of thoughts which crowded his mind, and, I might almost say, his mouth.

On one occasion the late Lady Holland took him a drive in her carriage over a rough road, and as she was very nervous, she insisted on being driven at a foot's pace. This ordeal lasted some hours, and when he was at last released, poor Luttrell, perfectly exasperated, rushed into the nearest club-house, and exclaimed, clenching his teeth and hands, "The very funerals passed us!"

The last time I saw him was at Paris, in June 1849, when I remember meeting him at a very pleasant dinner at the Frères Provençaux. Lord

Pembroke, Lockwood, Auriol, Lord Hertford, and one or two others, were present, and though Luttrell was then above eighty years of age, we thought him quite delightful. He had lost none of the fire and eagerness of youth, but took the greatest interest in everything that was going on in Paris at that most exciting period, and I had for several days the great pleasure of acting as his cicerone.

Strange to say, on his return to England he married a second time, but died shortly afterwards. He was the author of "Advice to Julia," and other poems; but nothing that he ever wrote gave an idea of the amusing variety of his conversation, and his brilliant wit and humour. He was the last of the "Conversationists."

THE PIG-FACED LADY.—Among the many absurd reports and ridiculous stories current in former days, I know of none more absurd or more ridiculous than the general belief of everybody in London, during the winter of 1814, in the existence of a lady with a pig's face. This interesting specimen of porcine

physiognomy was said to be the daughter of a great lady residing in Grosvenor Square.

It was rumoured that during the illuminations which took place to celebrate the peace, when a great crowd had assembled in Piccadilly and St James's Street, and when carriages could not move on very rapidly, "horresco referens!" an enormous pig's snout had been seen protruding from a fashionable-looking bonnet in one of the landaus which were passing. The mob cried out, "The pig-faced lady!—the pig-faced lady! Stop the carriage—stop the carriage!" The coachman, wishing to save his bacon, whipped his horses, and drove through the crowd at a tremendous pace; but it was said that the coach had been seen to set down its monstrous load in Grosvenor Square.

Another report was also current. Sir William Elliot, a youthful baronet, calling one day to pay his respects to the great lady in Grosvenor Square, was ushered into a drawing-room, where he found a person fashionably dressed, who, on turning towards him, displayed a hideous pig's face. Sir William, a timid young gentleman, could not refrain from uttering a shout of horror, and rushed to the door in a

manner the reverse of polite; when the infuriated lady or animal, uttering a series of grunts, rushed at the unfortunate baronet as he was retreating, and inflicted a severe wound on the back of his neck. This highly probable story concluded by stating that Sir William's wound was a severe one, and had been dressed by Hawkins, the surgeon, in St Audley Street.

I am really almost ashamed to repeat this absurd story; but many persons now alive can remember the strong belief in the existence of the pig-faced lady which prevailed in the public mind at the time of which I speak. The shops were full of caricatures of the pig-faced lady, in a poke bonnet and large veil, with "A pig in a poke" written underneath the print. Another sketch represented Sir William Elliot's misadventure, and was entitled, "Beware the pig-stye!"

BALZAC AND EUGÈNE SUE.—It has been my good fortune, during the many years I have lived in Paris, to meet some remarkable characters, among whom I should wish particularly to name, the

celebrated novelists Balzac, Eugène Sue, and Dumas.

Balzac had nothing in his outward man that could in any way respond to the ideal his readers were likely to form of the enthusiastic admirer of beauty and elegance in all its forms and phases: the wonderful master-mind, which had so vividly drawn the pictures of his heroes and heroines, that one had ended by imagining one had lived in the charmed circle; had borrowed money from Gobseck, and the Père Goriot; flirted with Madame de Beauséant; followed the "Fille aux Yeux d'Or" in the mazes of the Tuileries gardens; been cheated by De Trailles; or patronised by De Marsay.

The great enchanter was one of the oiliest and commonest looking mortals I ever beheld; being short and corpulent, with a broad florid face, a cascade of double chins, and straight greasy hair. The only striking feature in that Friar Tuck countenance was his eye; dark, flashing, wicked, full of sarcasm, and unholy fire.

Balzac had that unwashed appearance which seems generally to belong to French "litterati," and dressed in the worst possible taste, wore spark-

ling jewels on a dirty shirt front, and diamond rings on unwashed fingers. He talked little, but it was evident that nothing escaped him, and that bright eye seemed almost to read the secrets of the heart. No literary man, except perhaps Alexandre Dumas, ever ran through so much money as Balzac. The immense sums which he received for his writings were spent in the most absurd attempts at aristocratic luxury, which ended invariably in a steeple-chase between the great author and the bailiffs.

Eugène Sue was the very reverse of Balzac, both in appearance and manner. Nothing could have been more correct and scrupulously neat than his dress, which was rather dandified, but in good taste, according to the notions of twenty or thirty years ago. He wore always a very broad-brimmed hat, of glossy newness, and remarkably tight, light-coloured trousers: which, by the by, were not particularly becoming to a man built in a stout mould; but a Frenchman who cannot diminish the rotundity of his abdomen, generally revenges himself upon his legs, which he circumscribes in the smallest possible compass, giving himself very much the

appearance of what we Englishmen are taught to believe to be his national characteristic and prototype—a frog.

Eugène Sue was rather above the middle height, strongly-built, with somewhat high shoulders. His hair and brows were very dark, his eyes blue, long, and rather closed, and his complexion of a livid paleness. In general society, he did not shew off, and preferred rather being treated as a man of the world, than as a distinguished writer. But when he found himself among some kindred spirits, and felt he was appreciated, his conversation was particularly agreeable. He never had the sparkling wit and versatility of Dumas, or the extraordinary descriptive powers of Balzac; but he possessed the immense advantage over his great rivals in being veritably "un homme du monde," living in the very best Parisian society. He could, therefore, make the men and women in his novels act and speak as people really do, and not like workmen in their Sunday coats, or actors in the old melodramas.

Sue's imagination was wonderful; but one can see that in his books he carried out his own principle, that the beginning of the novel was three parts of

the battle. He always commenced his tales in a manner certain to fix the attention of the reader; but we generally find towards the close of the numberless volumes symptoms of weariness in the writer, which are apt to communicate themselves to the reader.

He was remarkable for the beauty of his horses; his cab was one of the best-appointed in Paris; his house in the Rue de la Pépinière (now an asylum) was a perfect "bonbonnière," and his dinners were renowned for their excellence. He was supposed (and to my knowledge with considerable reason) to lead a very Sardanapalian life. Strange stories are told of his castle in Sologne, where he was waited on by a number of beautiful women, of all countries, and of all shades of colour.

In manners, Eugène Sue was particularly gentlemanlike and courteous, without servility. He held his own, but with good taste and good breeding. He had a wonderful passion for beautiful flowers, and was well-skilled in botany. He had been in early life a navy surgeon, and in his distant voyages had become thoroughly versed in the names and properties of rare tropical plants. He had in his house

a beautiful conservatory, full of valuable exotics. His handkerchiefs were always steeped in essence of bouquet; and he had generally a tuberose or a camellia in the button-hole of his coat. Though a man utterly devoid of moral principle, Sue was charitable and kind to the poor, and obliging to his friends. At the Revolution of 1848, he went all lengths with the Red Republican party; and, after being one of the members for Paris in the National Assembly, was obliged to leave France, and passed the few remaining years of his life in Savoy, in complete seclusion.

Eugène Sue had grown very unwieldy; and, as he lived in a village at the foot of a mountain called, I think, the Solève, he had set himself, in order to grow thinner, on a course of training, which consisted in climbing to the top of this high hill. The weather, which was very sultry, and the over-exertion, brought on a fever, which carried him off in a few days. His death was attributed, among the ignorant peasantry, to poison, given by the Jesuits, who had never forgiven the violent attacks he had made on their order in the ardent and eloquent pages of the "Juif Errant."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.—Of all the distinguished writers of the nineteenth century that have appeared in France, Alexandre Dumas is perhaps the most remarkable, from the versatility of his talent and the brilliancy of his imagination, which carries the reader along with unflagging interest through dozens of volumes. Who among us has not in fancy shared the perils of the "Trois Mousquetaires?" or followed with unabated interest the avenging course of "Monte Christo?" or believed firmly in the existence of a "Bifstek d'Ours," served up in a Swiss inn to an astonished traveller?

The reader, however heavy he may be in himself, is carried impetuously forward; and, like the stout old lady placed on a "Montagne Russe," "is forced to go the pace," whether he will or not. Bright or Cobden himself is forced to fight D'Artagnan's battles along with him; and the most benevolent Pickwick finds himself burning with anger, and glowing with martial ardour, as he peruses those admirable descriptions. There is no great depth of thought in the "Père Prodigue," as the younger Dumas wittily styled his juvenile and extravagant father. There are none of those wonderful touches of

pathos, and profound study of human character, that we find in Balzac's tales,—passages any one would wish to copy into his scrapbook, or mark with a pencil as he goes along. In Dumas the touches of real feeling are rare; there are none of those aspirations after better things which throw now and then a golden light even on the sensual pages of George Sand or Alfred de Musset. All is action—bright, dazzling "entrainant;" a torrent of incident carrying all before it.

Alexandre Dumas is the son of General Alexandre Dumas, who served with some distinction in the republican armies of France, and was a native of one of the French West India Islands. In appearance, he is far above the middle height, and is almost a mulatto, with woolly curling hair, and copper complexion. This peculiarity of appearance has given rise to some amusing "traits d'esprit," which, though well-known in France, may be new to some of my English readers.

"A. Dumas fils," (the son of the writer,) who has inherited all his father's wit, with a quiet and gentlemanlike demeanour, said the great novelist was so fond of "show-off," that he was always ex-

pecting him to get up behind his own carriage, in order to make people think that he had got a negro footman.

Another story is told on the same subject. A. Dumas has a daughter who made a very good marriage. There were, report says, some difficulties in the preliminary arrangements, but these were got over; and the mother of the bridegroom, a provincial lady of great respectability, arrived in Paris to be present at the wedding. The church was full of spectators; and it so happened that among them were several negroes. This circumstance excited the surprise of the bridegroom's mother, who was seated beside the bride's father. Persons from the provinces, "les Provinciaux," are rather disposed to wonder at everything they see in Paris, and Madame X——, in a weak treble, expressed her astonishment to Alexandre Dumas at seeing so many men of colour.

"Oh, I can explain that very easily," replied the incorrigible jester: "C'est ma famille, qui voulait assister aux noces de ma fille." The old lady, who, like most provincials, was a very matter-of-fact person, looked unutterable things, and was perfectly

horrified at the prospect of this enormous negro connexion.

Dumas, who is the most generous and kind-hearted man in the world, had been away from his house in Paris on one of his many trips to foreign lands; and, with his usual munificence, had allowed his friends the run of his house and cellar during his absence. On his return home, he gave a great breakfast to celebrate the event. His numerous guests, towards the end of the repast, expressed a wish to drink his health in champagne, and the servant went down stairs, as if to look for some, but soon returned with the dismal intelligence that it had been all drunk. Dumas slipped a few napoleons into the valet's hand, and ordered him to buy some at the neighbouring "restaurateur's;" but having some suspicion, he followed the servant, when, to his great surprise, he beheld the fellow emerging from his own cellar, from whence he had brought up his own champagne. Dumas, though the soul of good-nature, was about to turn the rascal off on the spot, when the man fell at his kind master's feet, reminded him that he had a wife and family, and implored his mercy.

"Well, I will forgive you this time," said the great writer; "mais au moins une autre fois faites moi crédit."

Dumas married an actress, from whom he separated, making her a liberal allowance, which was seldom or never paid. A friend of the lady went to expostulate on the distressed condition in which she found herself. "I will double her annuity," cried out the generous author. "You would do better," said the more matter-of-fact friend, "to pay her the allowance you make her."

The sums which the "Père Prodigue" spent on his Monte-Christo villa near St Germain—so-called from having been built at the time his novel of "Monte Christo" met with so much success,—were fabulous. He was horribly cheated by architects, builders, upholsterers, and in fact by everybody he employed; yet he did not succeed in making it a pretty house. Nothing could be more inconvenient, or in worse taste, than the way in which the rooms were laid out: the only thing that struck me as being pretty was the little dressing-room in white marble. This "Folie Dumas" did not remain long in his possession, but was sold about twelve years ago.

Dumas is one of the most amusing men I ever met, and a most wonderful talker. His wit is prodigious, his fund of anecdote inexhaustible, the strength of his lungs overpowering. To give my English readers an idea of his Herculean powers of conversation, I may remark that I was present at a dinner some twelve or fifteen years ago, where Lord Brougham and Dumas were among the company, and the loquacious and eloquent ex-chancellor could not literally get in a single word, but had to sit, for the first and last time in his life, a perfect dummy.

Civility Rewarded. — We have all heard the story alluded to by Charles Lamb, in the "Essays of Elia," of the bank clerk who was in the habit, as he proceeded daily to his office, of giving a penny to a crossing-sweeper, and how in process of time the sweeper died and left £5000, which sum had been half a century in accumulating, to the charitable *employé*. The grandfather of the present Marquis of Hertford having been very civil to an old gentleman in a stage-coach during a journey to York, the said old gentleman very kindly died

shortly after, and left his Lordship a large fortune.

But I know of no incident more curious than the following; the moral of which would seem to be, that we ought all to go to church early and secure a good place. Like the novel of Waverley, "'tis sixty years since," when a young gentleman named Green, the son of a clergyman, wishing to hear a famous preacher, went one Sunday morning unusually early to church, and thereby secured a good place in a pew near the preacher. The church filled rapidly, and a venerable and rather infirm-looking old man, after walking up and down the various aisles, being unable to get a seat, was about to leave the church, when Green, who was a good-natured young fellow, took pity on him, as he looked very weak and ill, and offered him his seat; it was accepted with many thanks, whilst Green stood with his back against the wall during the service and sermon. On leaving the church the old gentleman again thanked him, and asked his name and address, which were given. A few days after, Mr Green received an invitation to dinner from the stranger, who was living in Grosvenor Square. It

would appear that the acquaintance thus accidentally formed, became a fast friendship, for the old gentleman shortly afterwards died, and left the whole of his fortune, a very considerable one, to his young friend, with the condition that he should take the name of Wilkinson in addition to that of Green. I may add that the young gentleman made the most excellent use of the fortune which he owed to his good nature and civility, and became the head of a very popular and prosperous family.

"A propos" of pews and pew-openers, I remember, when I was staying at Deal some years back, hearing of an incident in which a lady, who had not the good breeding of Mr Green, played a somewhat unenviable part.

The Duke of Wellington, then residing at Walmer Castle, had walked one Sunday evening into Deal, and entered Trinity Church. After wandering about for some time in search of the sexton, (who, as a matter of course, was engaged elsewhere,) the Duke ensconced himself in a roomy-looking pew, in front of the pulpit. After a short time a lady of portly and pompous appearance, the owner of the pew, entered. After muttering a prayer, she cast a scowl

at the intruder, which was intended to drive him out of the place he had taken. She had not the least idea who he was, and would probably have given her eyes, had she known him, to have touched the hem of the great Duke's cloth cloak, or asked for his autograph. Seeing that the stranger bore the brunt of her indignant glance without moving, the lady bluntly told the Duke, as she did not know him, that she must request he would immediately leave her pew. His Grace obeyed, and chose another seat. When he was leaving the church, at the end of the service, and had at last found the sexton, who received him with many bows and salutations, he said—

"Tell that lady she has turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew this evening."

PARTY AT MANCHESTER HOUSE IN 1816, AND THE REGENT'S ETIQUETE.—In 1816, when I was residing in Paris, I used to have all my clothes made by Staub, in the Rue Richelieu. He had married a very pretty "dame de compagnie" of the celebrated Lady Mildmay, and in consequence of this circum-

stance was patronised and made the fashion by Sir Henry Mildmay and his friends, the dandies.

As I went out a great deal into the world, and was every night at some ball or party, I found that knee-breeches were only worn by a few old fogies; trousers and shoes being the usual costume of all the young men of the day. I returned to London with Hervey Aston, towards the end of the year, and we put up at Fenton's in St James's Street.

I mention the following somewhat trivial circumstance to give some notion of the absurd severity in matters of dress and etiquette of Brummell's worthy pupil, the Prince Regent. A few days after my arrival, I received an invitation to a party at Manchester House, from Lady Hertford, "to have the honour of meeting the Prince."

I went there dressed "à la Française," and quite correctly, as I imagined, with white neckcloth and waistcoat, and black trousers, shoes, and silk stockings. The Prince had dined there, and I found him in the octagon-room, surrounded by all the great ladies of the Court. After making my bow, and retiring to the further part of the room, I sat down by the beautiful Lady Heathcote, and had been engaged

in conversation with her for some time, when Horace Seymour tapped me on the shoulder and said, "The 'great man,'" meaning the Prince, "is very much surprised that you should have ventured to appear in his presence without knee-breeches. He considers it as a want of proper respect for him."

This very disagreeable hint drove me away from Manchester House in a moment, in no very pleasant mood, as may be imagined; and I much fear that I went to bed devoting my royal master to all the infernal gods.

In the morning, being on guard, I mentioned what had occurred, with some chagrin, to my colonel, Lord Frederick Bentinck, who good-naturedly told me not to take the matter to heart, as it was really of no consequence; and he added—"Depend upon it, Gronow, the Prince, who is a lover of novelty, will wear trousers himself before the year is out, and then you may laugh at him."

Lord Frederick proved a true prophet, for in less than a month I had the satisfaction of seeing "the finest gentleman in Europe" at a ball at Lady Cholmondeley's, dressed exactly as I had been at Lady Hertford's, when I incurred his displeasure,

in black trousers and shoes; and Lord Fife, who was in attendance upon the Prince, congratulated me upon the fact that his royal master had deigned to take example by the young Welshman.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY—LORD AND LADY GRANVILLE.—The announcement of the lamented death of Lady Granville in the papers the other day, brought to my mind vivid recollections of the palmy days of the British Embassy, and all the blooming happy faces that used to be constantly congregated there; but who are now grown old and careworn, or are lying in the grave, forgotten by those who loved them best, whilst others, fair, young, and happy, reign in their stead. England was never represented more worthily, or with greater magnificence, than by Lord and Lady Granville; though the high post of ambassador to Paris has been occupied by some of the greatest and proudest of our countrymen. The royal pomp of the proud Buckingham, the skill and courage of Stair, the cunning and energy of old Horace Walpole, the splendid prodigality of Lord Albemarle,

the firm attitude and dignified bearing of Lord Whitworth, and the master-mind of the Great Duke, have all been displayed upon this most important field of action.

Lord Granville had been ambassador at St Petersburg in early life, and greatly distinguished himself as an able diplomatist on a most delicate and important mission. He was the "beau-idéal" of a high-bred English nobleman. He was considerably above the middle height, with a figure remarkable for symmetry and grace, which he preserved to an advanced age. His features were regular, and his countenance expressive of mildness and good-nature. He was one of those men who, once seen, leave an impression on the memory: he belonged to a race of gentlemen of the olden time, that seems almost extinct in our present free-and-easy days.

Lady Granville, though she did not possess the outward advantages of her husband, was considered his superior in conversational powers, and possessed, in a high degree, the charm of voice and manner which belongs to the Cavendish family. She rather affected a remarkable simplicity in her dress, was generally attired in black, and would receive her

guests in the plainest of caps, and wrapped up in a shawl. But, in spite of the homeliness of her costume, figure, and features, there was something in the "tout ensemble" which spoke of noble blood and ancient lineage; and her manner of receiving was perfect. Unlike most of our countrywomen, she was not subject to fits of caprice; she was perfectly independent, and could afford to form her own opinion, and act upon it; and if there was a kind and generous action to be performed, she was sure not to miss the opportunity of doing it. Through good report and evil report, she would cleave to those who had once won her affectionate regard, and without any appearance of patronising, she knew how to throw the mantle of her loving protection round those who needed it. At the same time, there was nothing "banal" in her manner or character. She had none of that excess of constrained politeness, which is, in reality, the height of incivility, but was courteous to all; by her perfect breeding, she constrained the presuming British Gogs and Magogs to keep at a respectful distance, without ever saying an unkind word, or shewing any symptom of being ruffled or discomposed.

It was rather amusing, when Lady Granville first came to Paris, to see some of the "grandes dames" of the Faubourg St Germain feeling their way, and trying whether they could not dictate to and domineer over the quiet-looking English lady, who had more wit, and fun, and humour, and cleverness than a dozen of them put together. These arbiters of fashion soon discovered that they had found more than their match in Lady Granville, and that she would have her own list of guests, choose her own cap and shawl, and settle her armchairs and sofas in her own way, without taking the advice of a jury of noble matrons, who had hitherto considered themselves infallible.

The magnificent hospitality of Lord and Lady Granville, and the great liberality with which the Embassy was conducted in their time, were the constant theme of conversation and remark. Large dinners of the most "récherché" kind were constantly given. Small and intimate receptions were held every Monday, and large ones every Friday; whilst "déjeûners" and balls on a most magnificent scale electrified the whole of Parisian society.

When Lord and Lady Granville left Paris there

was a general mourning in the gay world. Their place in Parisian society has never been filled up, and they themselves, personally, have never been forgotten.

HOBY, THE BOOTMAKER, OF ST JAMES'S STREET.—Hoby was not only the greatest and most fashionable bootmaker in London, but, in spite of the old adage, "ne sutor ultra crepidam," he employed his spare time with considerable success as a Methodist preacher at Islington. He was said to have in his employment three hundred workmen; and he was so great a man in his own estimation that he was apt to take rather an insolent tone with his customers. He was, however, tolerated as a sort of privileged person, and his impertinence was not only overlooked, but was considered as rather a good joke. He was a pompous fellow, with a considerable vein of sarcastic humour.

I remember Horace Churchill, (afterwards killed in India with the rank of major-general,) who was then an ensign in the Guards, entering Hoby's shop in a great passion, saying that his boots were so ill

made that he should never employ Hoby for the future. Hoby, putting on a pathetic cast of countenance, called to his shopman,

"John, close the shutters. It is all over with us. I must shut up shop; Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me."

Churchill's fury can be better imagined than described.

On another occasion the late Sir John Shelley came into Hoby's shop to complain that his top-boots had split in several places. Hoby quietly said,

"How did that happen, Sir John?"

"Why, in walking to my stable."

"Walking to your stable!" said Hoby, with a sneer. "I made the boots for riding, not walking."

Hoby was bootmaker to the Duke of Kent; and as he was calling on H.R.H. to try on some boots, the news arrived that Lord Wellington had gained a great victory over the French army at Vittoria. The duke was kind enough to mention the glorious news to Hoby, who coolly said,

"If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself, he never would have had his great and

constant successes; for my boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties."

One may well say that there is nothing like leather; for Hoby died worth a hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

Hoby was bootmaker to George III., the Prince of Wales, the royal dukes, and many officers in the army and navy. His shop was situated at the top of St James's Street, at the corner of Piccadilly, next to the old Guards Club. He was bootmaker to the Duke of Wellington from his boyhood, and received innumerable orders in the duke's handwriting, both from the Peninsula and France, which he always religiously preserved. Hoby was the first man who drove about London in a tilbury. It was painted black, and drawn by a beautiful black cob. This vehicle was built by the inventor, Mr Tilbury, whose manufactory was, fifty years back, in a street leading from South Audley Street into Park Street.

HAIRDRESSING FIFTY YEARS SINCE, AND VAILS TO SERVANTS.—Nobody in the present day can conceive the inconvenience of our military costume

when I first entered the Guards in 1813, or the annoyance to which we were subjected at being constantly obliged to seek the assistance of a "coiffeur" to powder our hair. Our commanding officers were very severe with respect to our dress and powdering; and I remember, when on guard, incurring the heavy displeasure of the late Duke of Cambridge for not having a sufficient quantity of powder on my head, and therefore presenting a somewhat piebald appearance. I received a strong reprimand from H.R.H., and he threatened even to place me under arrest should I ever appear again on guard in what he was pleased to call so slovenly and disgraceful a condition. The hairdresser was not only required at early dawn, before our field-days or parades, but again in the evening, if we dined out, or went to parties or balls.

The most fashionable "coiffeur" was Rowland, or Rouland, a French "émigré." His charge for cutting hair was five shillings; and his shop was next door to the Thatched-House Tavern in St James's Street. He was the inventor of the famous Macassar oil, and made a large fortune. He came to London with the Bourbons on the breaking out of

the French Revolution, and followed them back to France in 1814. When he died, he left a daughter, Madame Colombin, the well-known pastry-cook in the Rue de Luxembourg.

There was another custom in my young days which has luckily fallen into disuse. If one dined at any of the great houses in London, it was considered absolutely necessary to give a guinea to the butler on leaving the house. One hundred and thirty years ago this very bad habit (as I always considered it) prevailed to an even greater extent; for Pope the poet, whenever he dined with the Duke of Montagu, finding that he had to give five guineas to the numerous servants at Montagu House, told the duke that he could not dine with him in future unless his grace sent him five guineas to distribute among his myrmidons. The duke, an easy, good-natured man, used ever after, on sending an invitation to the great poet, to enclose at the same time an order for the tribute-money: he preferred doing this to breaking through a custom which had grown to be looked upon by servants as a right, and the abolition of which they would have considered as a heavy grievance.

TWISLETON FIENNES, THE LATE LORD SAYE AND SELE.—Twisleton Fiennes was a very eccentric man, and the greatest epicure of his day. His dinners were worthy of the days of Vitellius or Heliogabalus. Every country, every sea, was searched and ransacked to find some new delicacy for our British Sybarite. I remember, at one of his breakfasts, an omelette being served which was composed entirely of golden pheasants' eggs! He had a very strong constitution, and would drink absynthe and caraçoa in quantities which were perfectly awful to behold. These stimulants produced no effect upon his brain; but his health gradually gave way under the excesses of all kinds in which he indulged. He was a kind, liberal, and good-natured man, but a very odd fellow. I never shall forget the astonishment of a servant I had recommended to him. On entering his service, John made his appearance as Fiennes was going out to dinner, and asked his new master if he had any orders. He received the following answer,—"Place two bottles of sherry by my bed-side, and call me the day after to-morrow."

BURIED ALIVE.—In the retreat of the French army from Moscow, the brave General Ornano, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Comtesse Walewska, and a distant relation of the Buonaparte family, received a severe wound from the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse, and several soldiers who were near him. The General's aide-de-camp, on looking round, observed Ornano lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived, and declared that life was extinct. The aide-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave; but the ground was so hard, owing to the terrible cold which prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and, being pressed for time, they collected snow instead of earth, arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow. After this had been done, the aide-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was not far off, the loss the army had sustained in the death of General Ornano. He was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army.

The Emperor, who was very fond of the General, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed,

"Poor fellow! he was one of my best cavalry officers!" and, turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound which had caused his death. The officer, in order to satisfy himself on this point, had the supposed corpse taken out of the snow, and, on looking at the wound, observed that the body was still warm, and the General consequently could not be dead. Furs and flannels were, at the officer's suggestion, heaped upon the corpse, which was then placed upon a stretcher, and taken to head-quarters; after much care and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the great joy of the Emperor and the whole army. General Ornano is now a marshal of France, and governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last summer.

Count D'Orsay.—In speaking of this gifted and accomplished man, I shall strictly confine myself, as I have done in other instances, to his public char-

acter, and not enter into the details of his private life; which are, perhaps, better left in the shade. I first saw him at an evening party given in 1816 by his grandmother, the well-known Madame Crawford, in the Rue d'Anjou Saint Honoré. He was then sixteen years old, and he appeared to be a general favourite, owing to his remarkable beauty and pleasing manners. His father and mother were both present, and did me the honour to invite me to their house in the Rue Mont Blanc, now called the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. They occupied the apartment in which the celebrated composer Rossini now lives. D'Orsay's father, justly surnamed "Le Beau d'Orsay," was one of the handsomest men in the French army; he was one of Napoleon's generals, and distinguished himself in Spain, particularly at the battle of Salamanca.

I believe, and I like to think, that had Count d'Orsay fallen into good hands, he might have been a great many things that he was not. Unfortunate circumstances, which entangled him as with a fatal web from his early youth, dragged him downwards and led him step by step to his ruin. On these peculiar circumstances, I shall not dwell. They are

known to all, and cannot be palliated. But he was a grand creature in spite of all this; beautiful as the Apollo Belvidere in his outward form, full of health, life, spirits, wit, and gaiety, radiant and joyous, the admired of all admirers:—such was D'Orsay when I first knew him. If the Count had been born with a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds a year, he would have been a great man. He loved money, not for money's sake, but for what it could procure. He was generous even to ostentation, and he had a real pleasure in giving even what he himself had borrowed. He was born with princely tastes and ideas, and would have heartily despised a man who could have sat down contented in a simple dwelling-place, with a bad cook and a small competence.

He possessed in a great degree the faculty of pleasing those whom he wished to attract. His smile was bright and genial, his manner full of charm, his conversation original and amusing, and his artistic taste undeniable. It might have been objected that this taste was somewhat too gaudy; but the brilliant tints with which he liked to surround himself suited his style of beauty, his dress, and manner. When I used to see him driving in his

tilbury some thirty years ago, I fancied that he looked like some gorgeous dragon-fly skimming through the air; and though all was dazzling and showy, yet there was a kind of harmony which precluded any idea or accusation of bad taste. All his imitators fell between the Scylla and Charybdis of tigerism and charlatanism; but he escaped those quicksands, though, perhaps, somewhat narrowly, and in spite of a gaudy and almost eccentric style of dress.

Many of his "bon-mots," and clever sayings have been cited by his numerous friends and admirers; but perhaps there was more humour and "à propos" in the majority of them than actual wit. There was also much in his charming manner, and the very successful mixture of French and English which he had adopted in conversation. I call to mind a story of him not generally known. When he first came to England as a very young man, and was about twenty-two years of age, he was invited to dine at Holland House, where he was seated next to Lady Holland herself, who supposed that the handsome stranger was a shy young man, awe-struck by her majestic selfishness. Owing to a consider-

able abdominal development, her ladyship was continually letting her napkin slip from her lap to the ground, and as often as she did so, she smiled blandly, but authoritatively, on the French Count, and asked him to pick it up. He politely complied several times, but, at last, tired of this exercise, he said, to her great surprise, "Ne ferais-je pas mieux, Madame, de m'asseoir sous la table, afin de pouvoir vous passer la serviette plus rapidement?"

On another occasion, the well-known Tom Raikes, whose letters and memoirs have been lately published, and who was a tall, large man, very much marked with the small-pox, having one day written an anonymous letter to D'Orsay, containing some piece of impertinence or other, had closed it with a wafer, and stamped it with something resembling the top of a thimble. The Count soon discovered who was the writer, and in a room full of company thus addressed him—"Ha! ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose!"

I cannot conclude without giving some description of the personal appearance of one who reigned pre-eminent in the fashionable circles of London

and Paris. He was rather above six feet in height, and when I first knew him, he might have served as a model for a statuary. His neck was long, his shoulders broad, and his waist narrow, and though he was, perhaps, somewhat underlimbed, nothing could surpass the beauty of his feet and ankles. His dark chestnut hair hung naturally in long waving curls; his forehead was high and wide, his features regular, and his complexion glowed with radiant health. His eyes were large and of a light hazel colour, he had full lips and very white teeth, but a little apart; which sometimes gave to the generally amiable expression of his countenance a rather cruel and sneering look, such as one sees in the heads of some of the old Roman emperors. He was wonderfully strong and active, and excelled in manly exercises. He was a fine horseman, a good swordsman, and a fair shot. I knew him intimately, and saw a great deal of him. He had an amusing "naïveté" in speaking of his own personal advantages.

I remember on one occasion, when about to fight a duel, he said to his second, Monsieur D——, who was making the preliminary arrangements,

"You know, my dear friend, I am not on a par with my antagonist: he is a very ugly fellow, and if I wound him in the face, he won't look much the worse for it; but on my side it ought to be agreed that he should not aim higher than my chest, for if my face should be spoiled, 'ce serait vraiment dommage.'" He said this with such a beaming smile, and looked so handsome and happy, that his friend, Monsieur D——, fully agreed with him.

Though his tastes, pursuits, and habits were thoroughly manly, yet he took as much care of his beauty as a woman might have done. He was in the habit of taking perfumed baths, and his friends remember the enormous gold dressing-case, which it required two men to carry, and which used to be the companion of all his excursions. Peace be to his ashes! it will be long before the world looks upon his like again.

THE SPAFIELDS RIOTS.—The years 1816 and 1817 were a most dangerous period. The spirit of the people of England, exasperated by heavy taxation, the high price of bread, and many iniquitous laws

and restrictions now happily done away with by successive liberal administrations, was of the worst possible nature. In the riots and meetings of those troublous times, the mob really meant mischief; and had they been accustomed to the use of arms, and well drilled, they might have committed as great excesses as the ruffians of 1793 in France.

On the 15th November 1816, a monster meeting was held in Spafields, to petition the Prince Regent. Early in the morning of that day, I was sent with a company of the Guards to occupy the prison of Spafields, and to act, if necessary, in aid and support of the civil power. On our arrival, we found that a troop of horse artillery, with their guns, had already taken up their position within the yard. We lost no time in making loopholes in the walls, in the event of an attack from without, and made ready for action. The mob, which was not very numerous on our arrival, had by this time increased to an enormous multitude. Sixty or seventy thousand persons must have been present. Their principal leaders appeared to be Major Cartwright, Gale Jones, and the notorious Henry Hunt, the blacking-maker. The major was an old grayheaded

vulgar-looking man. Hunt was a large, powerfully made fellow, who might have been taken for a butcher: he always wore a white hat; which was, I never knew why, in those days supposed to be an emblem of very advanced liberal, or even republican opinions. These two demagogues, and two or three more of the leaders of the mob, got into a cart, that had been brought up as a sort of tribune or rostrum, from which they harangued the people. More violent and treasonable discourses it was impossible to make; and the huge multitude rent the air with their shouts of applause.

After a time, a magistrate and some constables appeared, and summoned the people to disperse; and, at the same moment, a messenger arrived from the prison, who whispered in Hunt's ear that if the mob committed any outrage, or made any disturbance, and did not quietly disperse, they would be dealt with by the soldiers; who had orders above all to pick off the ringleaders, should any attack be made upon the prison. This intelligence, conveyed to the gentlemen in the cart by one of their friends, produced a very marked effect. In a very short time they got down, as they seemed to consider

themselves in rather an exposed position, declared the meeting at an end, and hurried off, leaving the crowd to follow them; which they shortly afterwards did.

Several years after this event, at the time of the Reform Bill, Hunt was elected member of Parliament for Preston, beating Mr Stanley, the present Earl of Derby, and I was elected for the immaculate borough of Stafford. I well recollect, but cannot describe, the amazement of the blacking-man when I told him one evening, in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, that if any attack had been made upon the prison at Spafields, I had given my men orders to pick off Major Cartwright, himself, and one or two more who were in the cart. Hunt was perfectly astonished. He became very red, and his eyes seemed to flash fire.

"What, sir! do you mean to say you would have been capable of such an act of barbarity?"

"Yes," said I; "and I almost regret you did not give us the opportunity, for your aim that day was to create a revolution, and you would have richly deserved the fate which you so narrowly escaped

by the cowardice or lukewarmness of your followers."

MAD AS A HATTER.—Towards the close of the year 1848, it was my good fortune, during a residence of some weeks at Brighton, to see a good deal of my old acquaintance, Lord Alvanley. Though he was then very ill, and suffering great pain, I never knew him in better spirits, more full of brilliant flashes of wit and amusing anecdotes.

On one occasion I happened to call at his house with my old commanding-officer, Arthur Upton, when, in the course of a conversation on France, he asked my opinion on the revolution, and of Prince Louis Napoleon's chance of being named President of the Republic. Alvanley informed us that he had not very long before passed some days with the Prince at Colonel Dawson Damer's country seat, and he observed that he had never met with a more agreeable person; that the Prince was very communicative, and would sit up smoking cigarettes till two or three o'clock in the morning; and

that upon one occasion, in a long political discussion, he had said, among other things—

"It is fated that ere long I shall become emperor of France, avenge the defeat of Waterloo, and drive the Austrians out of Italy; and the time for this is not far distant."

On the following morning, Lord Alvanley related what he had heard to Colonel Damer, who observed—

"Prince Louis is a charming person—so gentlemanlike and pleasing in manner, so accomplished and well-informed. He has a thousand good and agreeable qualities, but on the subject of politics, my dear Alvanley, *he is as mad as a hatter!*"

HARRINGTON HOUSE AND LORD PETERSHAM.—When our army returned to England in 1814, my young friend, Augustus Stanhope, took me one afternoon to Harrington House, in Stableyard, St James's, where I was introduced to Lord and Lady Harrington, and all the Stanhopes. On entering a long gallery, I found the whole family engaged in their sempiternal occupation of tea-drinking. Neither in Nankin, Pekin, nor Canton was the teapot more

assiduously and constantly replenished than at this hospitable mansion. I was made free of the corporation, if I may use the phrase, by a cup being handed to me; and I must say that I never tasted any tea so good before or since.

As an example of the undeviating tea-table habits of the house of Harrington, General Lincoln Stanhope once told me, that after an absence of several years in India, he made his reappearance at Harrington House, and found the family, as he had left them on his departure, drinking tea in the long gallery. On his presenting himself, his father's only observation and speech of welcome to him was, "Hallo, Linky, my dear boy! delighted to see you. Have a cup of tea?"

I was then taken to Lord Petersham's apartments, where we found his lordship, one of the chief dandies of the day, employed in making a particular sort of blacking, which he said would eventually supersede every other. The room into which we were ushered was more like a shop than a gentleman's sitting-room: all round the walls were shelves, upon which were placed tea-canisters, containing Congou, Pekoe, Souchong, Bohea, Gunpowder, Russian, and many

other teas, all the best of the kind; on the other side of the room were beautiful jars, with names, in gilt letters, of innumerable kinds of snuff, and all the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. Lord Petersham's mixture is still well known to all tobacconists. Other shelves and many of the tables were covered with a great number of magnificent snuff-boxes; for Lord Petersham had perhaps the finest collection in England, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Sèvres box he was using being admired, say, in his lisping way—"Yes, it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear."

In this museum there were also innumerable canes of very great value. The Viscount was likewise a great Mæcenas among the tailors, and a particular kind of great-coat, when I was a young man, was called a Petersham.

In person, Lord Petersham was tall and handsome, and possessed a particularly winning smile. He very much resembled the pictures of Henry IV. of France, and frequently wore a dress not unlike that of the celebrated monarch. His carriages were

unique of their kind: they were entirely brown, with brown horses and harness. The groom, a tall youth, was dressed in a long brown coat reaching to his heels, and a glazed hat with a large cockade. It is said that Lord Petersham's devotion to brown was caused by his having been desperately in love with a very beautiful widow bearing that name.

In addition to his other eccentricities, Lord Petersham never ventured out of doors till six P.M. His manners were decidely affected, and he spoke with a kind of lisp; but in spite of his little foibles, Lord Petersham was a thorough gentleman, and was beloved by all who knew him.

TOWNSHEND, THE BOW-STREET OFFICER.—Townshend, the famous Bow-Street officer, when I knew him, was a little fat man with a flaxen wig, kerseymere breeches, a blue straight-cut coat, and a broad-brimmed white hat. To the most daring courage he added great dexterity and cunning; and was said, "in propriâ personâ," to have taken more thieves than all the other Bow-Street officers put together. He frequently accompanied mail-coaches when the

Government required large sums of money to be conveyed to distant parts of the country.

Upon one occasion, when Townshend was to act as escort to a carriage going to Reading, he took with him the famous Joe Manton, the gunmaker, who was always ready for a lark, and was as brave as steel. Soon after reaching Hounslow three foot-pads stopped the coach, and Joe Manton was preparing to try the effect of one of his deadly barrels upon them, when Townshend cried out—"Stop, Joe, don't fire!—let me talk to the gentlemen." The moment the robbers heard Townshend's voice they took to their heels; but he had been able to identify them, and a few months afterwards they were taken, tried, and, upon Townshend's evidence, sent to Botany Bay.

The short, corpulent police-officer was, for his daring exploits and general good conduct, selected by the Home Office to attend at drawing-rooms, levees, and all state occasions; and he became a kind of personage, and was much noticed by the Royal Family and the great people of the day: every one went up to speak to Townshend. He was eccentric and amusing, and somewhat inclined

to take advantage of the familiarity with which he was treated; but he was a sort of privileged person, and could say what he liked.

On one occasion the Duke of Clarence recommended Townshend to publish his memoirs, which he thought would be very interesting. Townshend, who had become somewhat deaf, seemed rather surprised, but said he would obey H.R.H.'s commands. A few weeks afterwards, Townshend was on duty at Carlton House, when the Duke asked him if he had fulfilled his promise. His answer was—

"O sir, you've got me into a devil of a scrape! I had begun to write my *amours*, as you desired, when Mrs Townshend caught me in the act of writing them, and swore she'd be revenged; for you know, your Royal Highness, I was obliged to divulge many secrets about women, for which she'll never forgive me."

When the Duke of Clarence became king, and was going down to prorogue Parliament, the Master of the Horse had not got the state carriage ready in time; and the King, in a fit of anger against Lord Albemarle, swore he would order a hackney-coach

and go to the House in that humble vehicle. Upon which Townshend, to the amazement of every one, cried out from behind a screen—

"Well said, sir; I think your Majesty is d——d right." The King, very much surprised and amused, called out—

"Is that you, Townshend?"

"Yes, sir; I am here to see that your Majesty has fair play!"

At one of Queen Charlotte's drawing-rooms—I think the last before her death, which was held at old Buckingham House—an immense crowd assembled, and in going up the stairs much confusion arose among the ladies; for as no order was kept, and every one wished to get first into the presence of royalty, much rushing and squeezing took place, loud shrieks were heard, and several ladies fainted.

I was on guard on that day, and doing what I could to preserve order, when Townshend called out to me to conduct a foreign lady, who had fallen and nearly fainted on the staircase, to the top of the landing-place. I did so, and brought her into the presence of the Queen; when a gentleman, in very good English, thanked me for the courtesy I had

shewn to his wife, the Duchess of Orleans, (afterwards Queen Marie Amélie.)

MADEMOISELLE DUTHÉ.—This celebrated courtezan, whose fame in the days of the grandfathers of the present generation equalled the renown of the Laises or Phrynes of ancient Greece, or that of the Imperias and Marozias of the Rome of the Middle Ages, lived with great splendour and magnificence in Paris before the first French Revolution. The old Lord Egremont, a man of immense wealth, who had then lately come of age, and the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., were rivals in her affections, and vied with each other in the most reckless prodigality. Her splendid mansion, and her carriages, which were covered with gold, and drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, were the admiration of all Paris. When the Revolution broke out in France, this fair and frail beauty took example from her betters, and emigrated to England.

Mademoiselle Duthé was the idol of the young men of fashion; and from the pictures of her at this time, she must have been surpassingly beautiful.

Her principal admirers in England were Bob Byng, brother of old Byng, for so many years member for Middlesex, Perregaux, the rich banker, who had emigrated, and Mr Lee. The younger brother of the latter gentleman acted the part of master of the ceremonies to the fair Frenchwoman, gave her his arm in all the public promenades, and escorted her to the play and opera on all occasions. The elder Lee, her favoured inamorato, though dotingly fond of her, would never appear with her in public.

The Duke of Queensberry, so well known by the name of old Q, and who was a great friend of Mademoiselle Duthé, (as he was of all persons eminent in that lady's profession,) asked her the meaning of her conduct with respect to the two brothers. She replied, with unblushing effrontery, "The younger Lee is 'mon *Lit* de parade;' the elder, 'mon *Lit* de repos.'"

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Mademoiselle Duthé, in possession of a considerable fortune, but no longer beautiful and young, returned to Paris, and resided at a fine house in the Rue Marbœuf, in the Champs Elysées. One of the famous gilt carriages given her by Lord Egremont again figured

in the public promenades; but, instead of being admired, was much laughed at, as the style and shape were quite out of fashion. At her death it was sold to the elder Franconi, for theatrical performances.

Mademoiselle Duthé, in addition to a beautiful face, was supposed to have the finest figure in the world. A picture of her is extant, which I have seen. It was painted by one of the first artists in France. She is represented in all the glory of her youth and beauty, at full length, reclining on a couch, very much in the costume of our mother Eve. She is said to have been full of wit and cleverness, and possessed a fund of curious anecdotes about everything and everybody.

Mr Lee, whose fortune was much injured by her extravagance, bade her farewell in a single Latin line, which he told her her friend the Duke of Queensberry, of whom he was rather jealous, would translate; it was, "Non possum te cum vivere, nec sine te."

A STRANGE RENCONTRE.—In the spring of 1815

—I think it was in the month of March—when the Duke of York was returning from the theatre, accompanied by Mrs Johnstone, the actress, his carriage broke down in the Strand, opposite to the Government engraver's, Mr Sylvester's; who, perceiving a crowd assembled, went out, and knowing the lady, offered her and the royal Duke refuge until the servant brought a coach for them.

Mrs Sylvester, hearing the noise in the street, left her drawing-room, where there was a small evening concert, to see what had happened, when, to her surprise, she recognised her friend Mrs Johnstone. After some whispering between them, and after some hesitation, the Duke of York said—

"With the permission of Mrs Sylvester, we will go up stairs."

Accordingly they proceeded to the drawing-room, where, to the Duke's astonishment, he was received by his brother, the Duke of Sussex, who was listening to the singing of his friend, the famous Mrs Billington. The two royal brothers had not for some time before been on speaking terms; but this sudden rencontre was the means of reconciling them, and

they ever after had a most affectionate and brotherly regard for one another.

Mrs Sylvester, "née" Price, was a lady of an ancient Welsh family, the niece of the celebrated Dr Price, the great calculator. She was handsome and accomplished. I had the honour to know her, and it was from her lips I received the above rather curious anecdote.

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD STRACHAN.—This brave sailor was famous for many daring actions and gallant feats of arms; but will perhaps be best known to posterity by the celebrated verses on the Walchern expedition:—

> "Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham;
> The Earl of Chatham, *all forlorn*,
> Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan!"

In the piping times of peace, when there was no longer any hostile fleet to watch, or stray French squadron to capture, the veteran turned his whole attention to the worship and admiration of the fair sex; and displayed the same ardour in the pursuit of

a pretty girl or handsome matron, as he had formerly shewn in the chase of a fine frigate or tight little schooner. His field of action, which had once been the Channel, the North Sea, or the Mediterranean, was now confined to Bond Street, Piccadilly, or the squares and parks. He always rode a gray horse; and the "Old Admiral" was as well known to the Londoners of his day as the Iron Duke was to every one in town some twenty or thirty years ago.

In his sixty-first year, Sir Richard fell desperately in love with a young girl, daughter of a man who kept a china shop in South Audley Street; and, though married and the father of a large family, he persecuted this young beauty with his attentions from morning till night. He would pass and repass the house where her father lived at least a hundred times a day, and send her gigantic bouquets and presents without number.

These proceedings created much scandal in the neighbourhood, and the father of the girl was determined to put a stop to the admiral's wicked design to run off with his daughter. It had been proposed by Sir Richard to the fair Sophy R—— that she was to meet him at nine P.M. opposite Fladong's

hotel, where a carriage and four would be in readiness. She appeared to agree to this proposal; but the admiral, on arriving at the place of rendezvous, found, instead of the girl, her father and brother armed with bludgeons, with which they belaboured him to their hearts' content. The old Lovelace defended himself as best he could till the watchmen in the neighbourhood came to the rescue, and took all parties to Marlborough Street, where they remained in durance vile during the night.

The following morning, they were brought before the magistrate, who was proceeding to interrogate them, when Admiral Lord Gardner entered to swear an affidavit; and perceiving Sir Richard in a miserable plight, and surrounded by a motley crowd, exclaimed, in true melodramatic style—"What do I see! Dicky Strachan a prisoner, and his colours struck! impossible—impossible!"

The magistrate begged an explanation of what had occurred on the previous night, when Sir Richard stated that he had been attacked and severely beaten by two men with bludgeons; but he refused to swear that the persons present were the culprits, for the night was dark, and he could

not identify them. In short, though he had been so badly treated, the gallant veteran would not say a word against the father and brother of his beloved Sophy. The father, however, carried his point, for the admiral ceased cruising in the *china* seas, and the gallant gray and his rider were never again seen in the neighbourhood of South Audley Street.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—It was my good fortune, during a winter at Rome, to come into contact with several members of this illustrious family, then in exile. I have had the honour of being introduced to Madame Mère, (as the mother of the great Napoleon was called;) and have often met La Reine Hortense, mother of Napoleon III. (she was then styled Duchesse de St Leu,) in her promenades on the Monte Pincio, or the gardens of the various palaces open to the public.

I have also seen at Rome Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, with his devoted wife, a daughter of the king of Wurtemburg: she remained faithful and true to her exiled husband, when no stone was left unturned in the political world to

make her withdraw her allegiance from him. Le Roi Jerome, as he was generally called, was at the time of which I write a very handsome man, bearing a striking resemblance to his brother the Emperor Napoleon. He had the same deep-set eye, the square, massive jaw, the broad, thoughtful brow, the pallid complexion, the delicately-formed white hand, but he was a good deal taller and slighter.

The ex-queen was a true German in appearance, fat, fair, and forty, with that good-natured "ménagère" look which is a characteristic of the Teutonic race. Under that calm housewife-like exterior, you would never have supposed her to be the enduring, heroic wife and mother. If report speaks true, her early married life with her handsome but fickle spouse had not been a happy one; and many thought that the neglected wife and injured queen might not be sorry to revenge herself when the tables turned in 1815. But those who thus judged, little knew that noble-hearted princess, who, in the days of adversity, clung yet more faithfully to the husband of her youth; and if she failed to make Le Roi Jerome a constant husband, there can be no doubt that she won his esteem and affection.

The palace occupied by the ex-king and queen was one of the finest in Rome. Strangers were permitted to visit it, and gazed with a melancholy interest on the various relics of departed greatness which the splendid apartments contained. I remember being particularly struck by some exquisite likenesses of the Princess Pauline Borghese, whose perfect beauty, both of face and figure, has gone down to posterity, thanks to Canova's immortal statue of her! Some of her old admirers, who are still alive, affirm that the only woman whose beauty can be compared to the Princess Pauline's is the Countess Castiglione, and that the one is as vain and capricious as was the other.

Madame Mère was the very living image of the statue Canova made of her. Her features were classical, her eyes large and expressive, and her bearing full of imperial dignity and grace. There was no pride in her manner, but you saw the consciousness of greatness—the stately calm as of the reflected light from her son's glory.

Whatever La Reine Hortense might have been in youth, when I saw her she was no longer handsome; and, to say the honest truth, I must confess

that I have my doubts as to her ever having been remarkable for personal attractions. But the charm of her manners, and the grace of every movement, were indisputable facts; and I think she has transmitted to her son, Napoleon III., much of that peculiar fascination which has subjugated and gained over to him so many hostile spirits.

The Duchesse de St Leu was universally allowed to be one of the most accomplished and amiable women of her day. Her voice, though not very powerful, was extremely sweet, and her musical taste and science were remarkable: she drew beautifully also, and possessed an album filled with likenesses taken by herself. Her conversation was pleasant and piquant, without the slightest mixture of malevolence or ill-nature; her tact was exquisite; and her generosity unequalled. During the whole time of her prosperity, it may be safely said that she never made a single enemy; and she bore her adversity with a dignity and unrepining simplicity beyond all praise. She well deserved the almost idolatrous devotion and reverence with which her son cherishes the memory of his most amiable and excellent mother.

Louis, the ex-king of Holland, I once saw at Florence, and he struck me as being a heavy and unintellectual-looking man. Joseph, the ex-king of Spain, must, in his youth, have been very handsome; but he had a listless and weak expression of countenance, which accorded well with his character. As to the Emperor himself, he was pointed out to me, at a distance, on the field of Waterloo; but beyond a white horse and a dark coat, I could see nothing, and I never had another opportunity of beholding him.

All anecdotes of this great man are interesting, and I heard a few details respecting him in 1820, from an intimate friend of mine, the late Count B——, who was one of his household for many years, and which I do not remember to have seen published. The Emperor, said the Count, though at times very magnificent, and knowing (as his nephew does) how to reward services done to the country, was a man of much order in all his domestic arrangements, and would not allow certain sums, which he had laid down and allotted for special purposes, to be exceeded upon any account. He knew to a penny what was spent every day in his house-

hold. He gave one hundred francs for his own food, which was very simple, and allowed the Grand Maréchal of the palace, General Bertrand, twenty francs a head for the persons who dined habitually at his table, and forty francs for those whom the Emperor invited to dinner. Napoleon generally dined alone, except on Sundays, when some of the most favoured members of his family were admitted to his table. A roast fowl was kept continually ready for his dinner, as the great man rarely dined at the same hour, and when he ordered dinner, expected it to be served immediately. His beverage was Chambertin and water.

With his abstemious habits, and a mind and body in constant activity, he did not merit the infliction of growing fat, which he suffered from during the last years of his life.

The Emperor allowed no one to approach him too familiarly, and ought, therefore, to have treated his inferiors with deference; but good breeding was not the Emperor's "forte," and he was accustomed to see his playful pinches received by his courtiers (and no prince ever had more servile ones) as the highest earthly favour. One day he so far forgot himself

as to try the unpleasant caress of ear-pinching on Dr Hallé, one of the luminaries of medical science. The doctor, more surprised than flattered at this pungent mark of imperial favour, observed, with dignity—

"Sire, vous me faites beaucoup de mal." This remark, made respectfully but firmly, prevented a repetition of this unpleasant liberty.

One of the great ladies of the Faubourg St Germain, whose son held a place in the imperial household, was obliged once or twice a year to put in an appearance, and make her courtesy to the Emperor and Empress. Napoleon, on one of these occasions, after fixing his eagle glance upon the lady, said, in an irritated voice—

"Je sais que vous ne m'aimez pas."

The lady, with much presence of mind, replied, "Sire, je ne suis encore qu'à l'admiration."

Napoleon I. had not the courtesy and perfect breeding of the present Emperor. He took a spiteful pleasure in embarrassing women by disagreeable questions and remarks in public; and the kind and gentle Josephine had often much to do in healing the wounds her husband had made. However, it

sometimes happened that the rude question or remark made in public was followed up by some private message of quite another nature. It has been supposed by many that the hatred with which Napoleon hunted down the beautiful Madame Récamier, took its first origin in the admiration her beauty had inspired, and his displeasure at seeing his addresses rejected. Just as the famous Madame de Staël's anger against him, the "spretæ injuria formæ," originated in the disdain with which he met her marked advances.

But, in spite of these spots on the sun, one may say of Napoleon I. what Bolingbroke said of the Duke of Marlborough, "He was so great a man, that I have forgotten all his faults."

PARIS AFTER THE PEACE.—In 1815 and the following years there were gathered together in Paris all the flower of English society—men of fashion and distinction, beautiful matrons and their still lovelier daughters. A history of all that occurred in those days would afford amusing materials for the pen of the novelist, and tickle agreeably the ears

of scandal-loving people. I shall, however, content myself with recording some of my own "souvenirs."

Lord Castlereagh was the pre-eminent star of the autumn of 1815,—"the observed of all observers." He was here, there, and everywhere. Indeed, the mass of business he had to transact was so immense, and the fatigue he had to undergo so great, that he was compelled to spend several hours each day in a bath; his nights being generally passed without sleep. His bath was always taken at the Bains Chinois, at the corner of the Rue de la Michodière. He was there shampooed by the celebrated Fleury, and recruited his exhausted faculties by dozing for an hour or two. His favourite promenade was the gallery of the Palais Royal. In his walks he was almost always alone, and used to dress very simply, never wearing any orders or decorations. On the other hand, Lady Castlereagh astonished the French by the magnificence of her diamonds. At the balls and parties she used to be followed about by envious women, affecting to admire, but looking daggers all the while. On one occasion I heard a French lady exclaim, "England is renowned for beautiful women; but when they are ugly, 'elles ne le sont pas à-demi.'"

But this remark was as false as it was ill-natured, for Lady Castlereagh was rather handsome than otherwise.

The magnificent saloons of the "noblesse" in the Faubourg St Germain, and the gorgeous "hôtels" of the ambassadors and ministers of the Allied Powers, were thronged with fair ladies of all nations. Madame Edmond de Perigord, who died lately as Duchesse de Sagan, was remarkable for her wit and beauty. She was all-powerful with her uncle, Prince Talleyrand, and was a sort of queen in the diplomatic world. The Vicomtesse de Noailles was the Lady Jersey of the world of fashion, and though her face was not pretty, she, by her graceful "tournure," skilful "toilette," and clever conversation, drew after her a host of admirers. I might also name the Princesse de Beauveau and her daughters, the Comtesse d'Audenarde, with her splendid figure, Madame de Vaudreuil, with her handsome face and beautiful hands, the handsome Madame de Gourieff, the two Countesses Potoska, and, though last, not least in my recollection, the lovely Princess Bagration, with her fair hair and delicately-formed figure. The Princess never wore anything but white India

muslin, clinging to her form and revealing it in all its perfection.

Among the English beauties were Lady Conyngham, and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth; Lady Oxford, and her three daughters; Lady Sydney Smith, and her two beautiful relatives, the Misses Rumbold: one of whom, when already in the "sere and yellow leaf" of old maidism, married Baron Delmar, a rich banker, and, puffed up with "parvenu" pride, ruled over Parisian society with a rod of iron.

The Duke of Devonshire, then young, graceful, and distinguished, was hunted down by mothers and daughters with an activity, zeal, and perseverance — and, I am sorry to add, a vulgarity — which those only can conceive who have beheld the British huntress in full cry after a duke. It was amusing to see how the ambitious matrons watched every movement, and how furious they became if any other girl was more favoured than their own daughters by the attention of the monarch of the Peak. The young ladies, on their side, would not engage themselves with any one until all hope of the Duke asking them to dance was at an end.

But as soon as he had selected a partner, the same young ladies would go in search of those whom they had rejected, and endeavour to get opposite or somewhere near him.

I remember seeing a serious quarrel between two great ladies, who were only prevented from coming to extremities by the timely intervention of our ambassadress, Lady Elizabeth Stuart. There were at this time many men of rank and fortune among our countrymen—Lords Surrey, Sunderland, Grosvenor, Clare; Messrs Beaumont, Leigh, Montague, Standish, &c. Some of these were particular in their attentions to Lady Elizabeth Conyngham, but her mother, who was bent on securing a ducal coronet for her handsome daughter, discouraged all attempts that were made in less high quarters. Rumour had even then whispered that, owing to family secrets of a very peculiar nature, the Duke of Devonshire had entered into a solemn engagement never to marry; and though I have reason to believe that this was entirely false, it is certain that he lived and died a bachelor. Besides this, he was always considered by those who knew him well to be very unlikely to fall in love with any one.

While the Duke was being made up to in this very marked manner, Lord Sunderland (the late Duke of Marlborough) fell desperately in love with Lady E. C., and proposed to her. Lady C. refused him, giving as a pretext her daughter's extreme youth; but in reality, hoping against hope, that the besieged Duke of Devonshire would surrender and propose. But whilst the worthy Marchioness was indulging in these matrimonial dreams, "the favourite bolted," and a few years after, Lady E. C. married Lord Strathaven, (now Marquis of Huntly,) a very handsome man, and was till her lamented death universally beloved and esteemed by all who knew her.

About this time (but I may sometimes make a mistake in the exact date of my "souvenirs") the Duke of Gloucester arrived in Paris. He made himself conspicuous in aiding the elopement of Mr (afterwards Sir Charles) Shakerly with Mademoiselle d'Avaray, daughter of the Duke d'Avaray, an intimate friend of Louis XVIII. The young lady was only seventeen years of age, and very handsome. It was the only case I remember of a young French lady running away from her father's house,

and the sensation created by such an extraordinary occurrence was very great. The marriage, as runaway marriages usually are, was a very unhappy one; and the quarrels of the ill-matched couple were so violent that the police had to interfere. Unfortunately the fair lady having once eloped, thought she might try the same experiment a second time, and one cold winter's night she decamped from a ball at the Austrian ambassador's, with a black-haired Spanish Don, the Marquis d'Errara.

THE OPERA IN PARIS IN 1815.—The English flocked to the opera, and occupied some of the best boxes. The "corps de ballet" was at that time very efficient, and possessed some of the handsomest women and best dancers in Europe. This reminds me of an amusing incident. General D——, a fine old veteran of the empire, and an "habitué" of the "coulisses" at the time I speak of, asked me a few years since to accompany him to the opera, which, from a prolonged absence from Paris, he had not visited for many years. When we arrived, after taking a good survey with his glass, he ob-

served, "I find they now call the young ladies we used to call 'figurantes,' 'des rats de l'opéra;' I am curious to see them again." At this moment a whole army of young sylphides, more or less pretty, came fluttering across the stage. My friend looked at them attentively with his "lorgnette," and at last exclaimed, with a sigh, "Mais je ne reconnais plus ces rats là." "Je crois bien, mon Général," said I, "les vôtres n'auraient plus de dents pour grignoter leur prochain."

Amongst the most remarkable dancers, were the inimitable Bigottini, Legros, Fanny Bias, Lacroix, Brocard, Noblet, Martin, Baron, and the short "trapue" Madame Montessu, with her large head, thick legs, and powerful "pointes." It was a curious sight to behold ambassadors and great state functionaries assembled in the "foyer de danse," paying court to the "danseuses." The most conspicuous of these gentlemen were the Dukes de la Rochefoucauld, de Gramont, Fitzjames, and Maillé; all attired in knee-breeches and opera hats, and with buckles in their shoes, and frills and ruffles of the costliest kind. After the opera, these same personages retired to the "Salon des Étrangers," where

they generally spent an hour or two collecting all the gossip they could hear, in order to divert the king. There was not a scandalous story that was not retailed by those gentlemen for their master's recreation.

Among our countrymen who had the "entrée" to the "foyer" or green-room, Lord Fife made himself the most conspicuous by his unremitting attentions to Mlle. Noblet, whom he never quitted for an instant. He would carry her shawl, hold her fan, run after her with her scent-bottle in his hand, admire the diamond necklace some one else had given her, or gaze in ecstasy on her pirouettes. On his return to London, the old "roué" would amuse George IV. with a minute description of the lady's legs, and her skill in using them. Horses' legs are frequently the cause of the ruin of numbers of our aristocracy, but in the case of Lord Fife, the beautiful shape of the supporters of Mlle. Noblet had such an effect upon the "perfervidum ingenium Scoti," that he from first to last spent nearly £80,000 on this fair daughter of Terpsichore.

Another original much talked of about this time was Sir John Burke, who married a Miss Ball

Hughes. He was known by the nam[illegible] Delegate Dandy," from having been [illegible] mission to the Pope from the Irish Cath[illegible] He was a great frequenter of the "coulisses [illegible] gaming-houses, where he would be see[illegible] rushing about from room to room, chattering the vilest French with unblushing effrontery; or making such a disturbance as to draw down on his head curses both loud and deep from the gamblers, which, however, he received with perfect equanimity and good humour.

THE COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH.—From the first years I remember Paris, I became acquainted with Lady Aldborough, who had already acquired a kind of rather unenviable celebrity in the "beau monde," for her "bon-mots" and anecdotes of a peculiar kind. She spent many years of her long life in Paris, where she kept open house, and gave agreeable dinners, made up of pleasant men and good-looking women, not remarkable for any false modesty or affected prudery. Her sayings were quoted all over Europe, and she enjoyed a considerable share of

popularity among a certain set, who admitted that her death (which occurred about twenty years ago) left a blank in Parisian society.

It behoves me in general to deal gently with the private characters of those who have gone to their last homes, but Lady Aldborough had no prejudices, and, far from being ashamed of the irregularities of her early life, continued in her old age to glory over them, and to speak of her past exploits with as much zest and ardour as some old veteran might recount his campaigns. Like the respectable old lady in Béranger's poem, she seemed to say—

"Combien je regrette
Ma jambe bien faite,
Mon bras si dodu,
Et le temps perdu!"

Lady Aldborough's language was plain and unvarnished, and many hardened men of the world have been known to blush and look aghast when this free-spoken old lady has attacked them at her dinner-table with sundry searching questions respecting their tastes and habits; in the presence perhaps of their wives and daughters, who could not easily avoid hearing the stage whisper in which her

remarks were conveyed to the ears of the unwilling listeners.

With a kind of cynical "naïveté" Lady Aldborough has often said she was perfectly aware that many persons objected to her style of conversation, but that, unfortunately, all the wit and humour for which she was celebrated lay in that kind of jesting which the over-particular considered offensive.

In appearance she did not give one (at least in her later years) the impression of having been as handsome as her full-length portrait by Cosway would have led one to suppose. She was rather under the middle height, but well formed; and to the last preserved a slight figure and a neat foot and ankle. Her features were regular in outline, but somewhat sharp; and the expression of her countenance was stern, hard, and restless. Her voice had none of those mellifluous tones so appreciated by Byron; it was harsh and loud, partly, perhaps, owing to her deafness; her manner was abrupt and unequal; and her wit, which was undeniable, fluctuated between levity and sarcasm.

She did not possess the French art of wrapping up a joke of doubtful propriety: her witticisms

were no mask, and left her hearer very little chance of appearing not to understand them. When an attempt has been made by a luckless wife to feign innocence in the presence of a jealous husband, the old lady would tap her victim sharply on the hand with her fan, saying, with a sardonic smile, and in her clear voice audible from one end of the room to the other—

"You understand very well what I mean, my dear."

Lady Aldborough had a very peculiar style of dress, which she continued to adopt till the latest period of her life. She wore habitually, when going out in the evening, a long white veil, which was fastened to her wig, and hung down to her feet; white satin shoes with diamond buckles, very short sleeves and petticoats, and an extremely "décolleté" gown.

Every one arrived at middle age has heard of innumerable "bon-mots" attributed to Lady Aldborough; but, in newspaper phrase, they are generally "unfit for publication." It may, to a certain degree, be her excuse that the mode of speaking in the olden time was far plainer and coarser than

anything which would be tolerated now-a-days; and even ladies of very good reputation were guilty of using queer language, and, as Pope says, of "calling a spade a spade."

"En résumé," Lady Aldborough was a woman of good sense, and capable, if called upon seriously, of giving her opinion on important matters, and with great judgment and feeling. I have known of her doing many kind things to old friends, who had got into awkward scrapes; and if she spent a good deal of money on herself, she was very charitable, and always ready to extend a helping hand to the poor and needy.

ELECTIONEERING IN 1832—GRIMSBY.—In 1832, I was residing in Chesterfield Street, in a house that had once belonged to Brummel, when Parliament was dissolved. A few days after this great event, which threw all England into a state of excitement, I received a visit from the old Lord Yarborough, to ask me if I would stand for Grimsby. After some hesitation, I consented to do so, and his Lordship therefore promised me his utmost support

terest—but with one proviso, that I would im my word not to bribe. I agreed to his ions, and started the following morning for nshire. On arriving at Grimsby, I found Henry Hobhouse and myself would have a sharp contest, and that the Tory candidates, Captain Harris, of the navy, and Mr John Shelley, were already in the field. I immediately commenced my canvass, which continued for several days, and was apparently very successful. When the polling commenced, I thought myself sure of being elected, when, on the second day, an apparently respectable man, and one of my best supporters, came to me and said—There are four persons of great influence to whom you must give £100 a piece. If you don't come in, I will engage to return the amount to you myself; and if you refuse to give the money, you are quite sure to be beaten.

I told this gentleman that I had promised Lord Yarborough upon my honour not to use bribery, and therefore could not break my word. "Then the consequences be upon your own head," said my friend; who was, no doubt, himself one of the four

influential persons who wished to see my money. However, what he said was perfectly true, for the numbers at the close of the poll were—

Harris, ...	200
Shelley, ...	192
Gronow, ...	187
Hobhouse, ...	173

Mr Shelley, who was then a rather timid young gentleman, and who is now the Radical M.P. for Westminster, had been told by some facetious friend, that if I got beat, I firmly intended to shoot him. He, in consequence, treated me, when on the hustings, with such marked and studied politeness as delighted the wicked wag and all his friends who had been let into the secret of this foolish hoax. The Tory party did not long enjoy their triumph, for a petition was presented, which cost Lord Yarborough many thousand pounds, but unseated Harris and Shelley. A new election took place, but I had had enough of Grimsby, and did not present myself: two Liberals were, however, returned; and the four influential gentlemen received, I have no doubt, their £100 a piece.

STAFFORD IN 1832.—Having discovered, by experience at Grimsby, the ill success of purity of election principles, I went down to Stafford on the dissolution in 1832, determined to leave no means untried to secure my return. On the morning after my arrival at the Star Inn, which became the head-quarters of myself and friends, several hundred electors assembled, in military array, under my windows, and on my appearance received me with three cheers. One of the leaders of this worthy band of brothers—who, to do them justice, were no hypocrites, but came immediately to business—then spoke out thus:

"Now, Gronow, my old boy, we like what we have heard about you, your principles, and all that sort of thing; we will therefore all vote for you if ——" Here every man in the crowd struck his breeches-pocket several times with his open hand. After this expressive pantomime, the speaker continued, "You know what we mean, old fellow? If not—you understand—you won't do for Stafford."

His comrades loudly cheered their leader; and I then made them a speech of some length, setting forth the principles upon which I presented myself

to their notice and solicited their suffrages; concluding by significantly assuring them that they should all have reason to be well satisfied with me.

I had plenty of money in those days, and was determined that no one should outbid me for the support of these worthy and independent gentlemen, so I set to work to bribe every man, woman, and child in the ancient borough of Stafford. I engaged numerous agents, opened all the public-houses which were not already taken by my opponents, gave suppers every night to my supporters, kissed all their wives and children, drank their health in every sort of abominable mixture, and secured my return against great local interest; for, at the close of the poll, the numbers were—

Chetwynd, . .	392
Gronow, . .	253
Blount, . .	230

I sat during the whole of the first Reform Parliament for Stafford, but was beaten at the next general election by the long purse of Mr Holyoake, now Sir Francis Goodricke, Bart. Mr Bonham, the whipper-

in of the Tory party, told me, some years after this time, that Mr Holyoake obtained his baronetcy from Sir Robert Peel for having succeeded in beating me on this occasion.

COUNTESS GUICCIOLI AND MADAME DODWELL.—I knew Madame Guiccioli by sight in her youthful days, when she was a celebrity, owing to her acquaintance with Lord Byron. I was rather disappointed with her personal appearance, as, though handsome, she gave one more the idea of a healthy, rosy, jolly-looking milkmaid, than a heroine of romance.

Madame Guiccioli was short in stature, and somewhat square-built; her hair was golden, her eyes were blue, her complexion and teeth beautiful in the extreme, and her face would have been much admired had she been taller. As it was, there was a great disproportion between her colossal head and her short figure. Her bust was also on a large scale, and very fine. She was, like most Italian women, unaffected, kind, and matter-of-fact, but had nothing in physical appearance or intellectual

gifts to account for her having inspired a romantic passion. She was "of the earth, earthy."

At the same period I was introduced to a person who for many years passed for being the handsomest woman in Europe—a Roman lady, who had married a very ugly old antiquary named Dodwell. The lovely Theresa had been offered the choice of a convent, or this ill-washed Briton. After much weeping and gnashing of her beautiful teeth, the lady, who was then only sixteen years of age, chose the latter.

Madame Dodwell was what English novelists describe as rather "petite" than otherwise, but her face was acknowledged by every painter, sculptor, and poet to be the most perfect in creation; she had crisp, black waving hair, the large, hazel, almond-shaped eye, full of Italian fire or Eastern languor, the classical features, the full mouth, magnificent teeth, and clear, pale, brunette complexion, so rarely met with. Perfectly illiterate, but full of wit and fun, this beautiful woman amused herself by chaining many victims to her triumphal car; while, like a true Italian, her heart was faithful all the time to the one reigning attachment. She talked of her own

beauty with as much simple composure as a man might have in dwelling on his horse or dog. With all this self-appreciation, she was perfectly unaffected, and had none of the grimaces of an acknowledged beauty, but remained calm and collected in the consciousness of her own undisputed superiority.

I was amused at a ball at the French ambassador's at Rome, at seeing her suddenly brought into contact with a new star that had risen in the firmament of fashion—the Duchesse d'I——, who had just arrived from Paris.

The Duchesse was some years Madame Dodwell's junior, and a formidable rival in many respects. She was very tall, and particularly brilliant in her general effect. She was dressed in the height of the then Parisian fashion, her hair "à la giraffe," rolled in high bows, and decorated with artificial flowers. She looked magnificent; and a group of men gathered round to admire the new comer. I watched Madame Dodwell, as one of her disappointed "soupirants" came up, and rather maliciously asked her what she thought of "la belle Duchesse française." The indifferent look the fair signora

fixed upon the rival beauty was most amusing, and the only remark she made was—

"Comment! cette grande femme qui nous a apporté le Jardin des Plantes sur la tête."

THE LIGHT COMPANY'S POODLE AND SIR F. PONSONBY.—Every regiment has a pet of some sort or another. One distinguished Highland regiment possesses a deer; the Welsh Fusiliers a goat, which is the object of their peculiar affection, and which generally marches with the band. The light company of my battalion of the 1st Guards, in 1813, rejoiced in a very handsome poodle, which had, if I mistake not, been made prisoner at Vittoria. At the commencement of the battle of the 9th of December 1813, near the mayor's house, not far from Bidart, we observed the gallant Frederick Ponsonby well in front with the skirmishers, and by the side of his horse the soldiers' poodle. The Colonel was encouraging our men to advance; and the poodle, in great glee, was jumping and barking at the bullets, as they flew round him like hail. On a sudden, we observed Ponsonby struggling with a French

mounted officer, whom he had already disarmed, and was endeavouring to lead off to our lines; when the French skirmishers, whose numbers had increased, fired several shots, and wounded Ponsonby, forcing him to relinquish his prisoner and to retire. At the same time, a bullet broke one of the poor dog's legs. For his gallant conduct in this affair, the poodle became, if possible, a still greater favourite than he was before; and his friends, the men of the light company, took him to England, where I saw my three-legged friend for several years afterwards, the most prosperous of poodles, and the happiest of the canine race.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT DUKE. — Lord Blandford, afterwards fifth Duke of Marlborough, with many good and amiable qualities, was by far the most extravagant man I ever remember to have seen. He lived in lodgings at Triphook's, the bookseller, in St James' Street, whilst his father and mother resided in great state at Marlborough House. Although supporting himself upon money borrowed

at an exorbitant interest, Lord Blandford would give Lee & Kennedy £500 for a curious plant or shrub; and I well remember his paying £1800 for a fine edition of Boccaccio; whilst his country-seat, Whiteknights, near Reading, was kept up with a splendour worthy of a royal residence.

His mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, (of whom Queen Charlotte used to say, that she and Lady Carlisle, grandmother of Lord Carlisle, were the two haughtiest and proudest women in England,) had quarrelled with Lord Blandford for several years past. She persuaded the Duke to settle a large portion of the Blenheim estates, which were unentailed, upon his brother, Lord Francis Spencer, who was created Lord Churchill. Lord Blandford's allowance during his father's lifetime was insufficient for a person in his position. He was, therefore, obliged to have recourse to the Jews, who eventually ruined him. He was always very kind to me, and I lived a good deal with him and his sons when I was a young man.

I remember, in 1816, going down with him to Whiteknights; which was afterwards sold, and has since been pulled down. During our journey, Lord

Blandford opened a sort of cupboard, which was fixed on one side of the coach in which we travelled, and which contained a capital luncheon, with different kinds of wine and liqueurs. Another part of this roomy vehicle, on a spring being touched, displayed a sort of "sécretaire," with writing materials, and a large pocket-book; the latter he opened, and shewed me fifty Bank of England notes for £1000 each, which he told me he had borrowed the day before from a well-known money-lender in the city, named Levy. He stated that he had given in return a post-obit on his father's death for £150,000; and added, "You see, Gronow, how the immense fortune of my family will be frittered away: but I can't help it; I must live. My father inherited £500,000 in ready money, and £70,000 a-year in land; and, in all probability, when it comes to my turn to live at Blenheim, I shall have nothing left but the annuity of £5000 a-year on the Post-Office."

Lord Blandford's prediction was verified; for when I went to see him at Blenheim some years later, and when he had become Duke of Marlborough, he told me that I should find a great difference between his magnificent way of living at White-

knights, and his very reduced establishment at Blenheim. He said that he had from the estate, fish, game, venison, mutton, and poultry in abundance, and a good cellar of wine; but that he was so involved that he could obtain credit neither in Oxford nor in London, and that his sole revenue (and much of that forestalled) was the annuity on the Post-Office, which was inalienably secured to the great Duke.

Fortunately for his successors, the vast estates of the Marlborough family were strictly entailed, and the present possessor has ample revenues, and is a most worthy representative of one of the greatest names in English history.

MALIBRAN AND GRISI.—Maria Malibran was still in the zenith of her fame, when Giulia Grisi made her appearance on the stage in Paris. She was not at that period of her life the consummate actress she afterwards became, but trusted a good deal to the power of her personal attractions, as well as to the singularly fine compass and sweet tones of her beautiful voice, to ensure the applause of the public.

Malibran was, on the contrary, the soul of music. She was a grand being; that small, slight woman, with flushed cheeks and ardent expressive eyes, consumed by the love of her art, and that one passionate attachment which seemed woven into her soul, a part of her very being. I really believe that this blind idolatry for the man who afterwards became her husband, was the cause of the kind of frenzy with which she clung to her fame as an artist. She felt instinctively that she had been sought because she was celebrated, and that the applause which she elicited was the fuel which fed the flickering flame in De Beriot's heart. There can be no doubt that the dread that in losing the one, she might fail to keep the other, fastened on her heart and killed her.

Poor Malibran! Grisi's new-born fame was a cankerworm, eating into her very soul; and I truly believe not from a mean feeling of envy, but for the reason that I have assigned.

I remember hearing, some seven-and-twenty years ago, of a rather ludicrous scene which took place at L—— House. At one of the celebrated concerts at that noble mansion, Malibran and Grisi were to sing a duet. Malibran did not make her appearance, and,

after waiting a considerable time, the noble and courteous host supplied her place by an inferior artist, and Grisi had all the honours of the evening. In the midst of her triumph who should march in but the "Diva" herself, flushed with anger, her fine brow lowering, and her full lips compressed with anger. Lord L——, with that scrupulous urbanity which always distinguished him, advanced towards Malibran and made her a thousand apologies for having began the concert without her, on account of the lateness of the hour. Poor Maria, by no means softened, and having caught sight of the beautiful face of her rival wreathed in triumphant smiles, saluted the astonished Marquis with a volley of abuse; to which he kept bowing politely till she had exhausted her vocabulary, (a pretty large one,) and had darted frantically out of the room.

Malibran was not regularly handsome, but I always thought her in her young days remarkably attractive. As she grew older, her features became coarser, and a certain bold, hard look settled on her face. Her head was well formed; her mouth, though wide, was prettily shaped, and adorned with very good teeth, and her small figure was graceful. Her voice

was splendid, full of passion and pathos. Who that ever heard her in Desdemona, could forget that cry of struggling agony, "Se il padre m'abbandona," or the sorrowful wail of the blighted heart in the romance "Assisa al pie d'un salice?" She identified herself so thoroughly with the part she acted that it required some courage to face her in the last scene. She died *hard*, and fought to the last; and Othello had to make a kind of steeplechase after her, and suffer many kicks and cuffs before he could, as an Irish friend of mine remarked, "bring her to rason by taking her life."

I was lucky enough to see the first representation of the "Puritani," with that grand galaxy of singers, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and Grisi; the like of whom, as a whole, will perhaps never be heard again. The bridal song, "Son vergine vezzoza," was one of Grisi's triumphs, and it must be allowed that it was impossible to look on a fairer sight than Giulia, with her long white veil flowing to her feet, carolling that sweet happy lay. Grisi's head and face, bust, arms, and hands, were almost faultless; her mouth and teeth were lovely beyond description; her hair was black as jet, and luxuriant

though not long, for which reason probably she never let it fall completely down. But owing to her rather thick waist, her large feet, and short legs, the spell was broken when she attempted to run across the stage in pursuit of Edgardo or Arturo.

As Grisi's beauty waned, or her voice lost some of its rich, mellow notes, her good sense taught her that she must study more, and act better. She set herself conscientiously to work, and in the latter years of her stage career gained the reputation of being an admirable actress. She had not the pathos of Pasta, nor the genius of Malibran, but she had love for her art, and a desire to do the very best she possibly could. She was neither huffy, capricious, nor tricky; she neither feigned illness when she was well, nor allowed a passing whim or fancy to interfere with her duty to the director or the public. A good warm heart beat in that ample bosom, and no one, I believe, ever heard of Giulia Grisi doing a mean or unkind action.

Lord Alvanley.—From the time of good Queen Bess, when the English language first began to

assume somewhat of its present form, idiom, and mode of expression, to the days of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, every age has had its punsters, humorists, and eloquent conversationists; but I much doubt whether the year 1789 did not produce the greatest wit of modern times, in the person of William Lord Alvanley.

After receiving a very excellent and careful education, Alvanley entered the Coldstream Guards at an early age, and served with distinction at Copenhagen and in the Peninsula; but being in possession of a large fortune, he left the army, gave himself up entirely to the pursuit of pleasure, and became one of the principal dandies of the day. With the brilliant talents which he possessed, he might have attained to the highest eminence in any line of life he had embraced.

Not only was Alvanley considered the wittiest man of his day in England, but, during his residence in France, and tours through Russia and other countries, he was universally admitted to possess, not only great wit and humour, but "l'esprit Français" in its highest perfection; and no greater compliment could be paid him by foreigners than this. He was

one of the rare examples (particularly rare in the days of the dandies, who were generally sour and spiteful) of a man combining brilliant wit and repartee with the most perfect good nature. His manner, above all, was irresistible; and the slight lisp, which might have been considered as a blemish, only added piquancy and zest to his sayings.

In appearance, he was about the middle height, and well and strongly built, though he latterly became somewhat corpulent. He excelled in all manly exercises, was a hard rider to hounds, and was what those who do not belong to the upper ten thousand call "a good plucked one." His face had somewhat of the rotund form and smiling expression which characterise the jolly friars one meets with in Italy. His hair and eyes were dark, and he had a very small nose, to which, after deep potations, his copious pinches of snuff had some difficulty in finding their way, and were in consequence rather lavishly bestowed upon his florid cheek. He resided in Park Street, St James's, and his dinners there and at Melton were considered to be the best in England. He never invited more than eight people, and insisted upon

having the somewhat expensive luxury of an apricot tart on the sideboard the whole year round.

Alvanley was a good speaker; and having made some allusion to O'Connell in rather strong terms in the House of Lords, the latter very coarsely and unjustly denounced him, in a speech he made in the House of Commons, as a bloated buffoon. Alvanley thereupon called out the Liberator, who would not meet him, but excused himself by saying, "There is blood already on this hand,"—alluding to his fatal duel with D'Esterre.

Alvanley then threatened O'Connell with personal chastisement. Upon this, Morgan O'Connell, a very agreeable, gentlemanlike man, who had been in the Austrian service, and whom I knew well, said he would take his father's place. A meeting was accordingly agreed upon at Wimbledon Common. Alvanley's second was Colonel George Dawson Damer, and our late consul at Hamburgh, Colonel Hodges, acted for Morgan O'Connell. Several shots were fired without effect, and the seconds then interfered, and put a stop to any further hostilities.

On their way home in a hackney-coach, Alvanley said—"What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be,

to miss such a fat fellow as I am! He ought to practise at a haystack to get his hand in." When the carriage drove up to Alvanley's door, he gave the coachman a sovereign. Jarvey was profuse in his thanks, and said, "It's a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon."

"No, my good man," said Alvanley; "I give it you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

Everybody knows the story of Gunter the pastry-cook. He was mounted on a runaway horse with the King's hounds, and excused himself for riding against Alvanley, by saying, "O my lord, I can't hold him, he's so hot!" "Ice him, Gunter—ice him!" was the consoling rejoinder.

In the hunting-field in a northern county, Sir Charles S——, whose married life was not a very happy one, wore one morning at the meet a wonderful greatcoat, with enormous horn buttons. Alvanley, riding up to him, and apparently looking at the buttons with great admiration, said, "A little attention of Lady S——'s, I presume, Sir Charles?"

Alvanley had a delightful recklessness and "laisser aller" in everything. His manner of putting out his light at night was not a very pleasant one for

his host for the time being. He always read in bed, and when he wanted to go to sleep, he either extinguished his candle by throwing it on the floor in the middle of the room, and taking a shot at it with the pillow, or else quietly placed it, when still lighted, under the bolster. At Badminton, and other country houses, his habits in this respect were so well known, that a servant was ordered to sit up in the passage to keep watch over him.

Alvanley's recklessness in money matters was almost incredible. His creditors having become at last very clamorous, that able and astute man of the world, Mr Charles Greville, with the energetic and bustling kindness in mixing himself up in all his friends' affairs which still distinguishes him, had undertaken to settle those of Alvanley. After going through every item of the debts, matters looked more promising than Mr Greville expected, and he took his leave. In the morning he received a note from Alvanley, to say that he had quite forgotten to take into account a debt of fifty-five thousand pounds.

In his latter years Lord Alvanley was a martyr to the gout, but preserved his wit and good humour to the last. He died in 1849.

SALLY LUNN CAKES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "BUN."—Some fifty years back or thereabouts, Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, lived in her charming villa in Pimlico, surrounded by a large and beautiful garden. It was here she used to entertain the "élite" of London society with magnificent "fêtes," "bal champêtres," and public breakfasts. After one of those "fêtes," I called one morning to pay my respects; and, on ringing the bell, the servant ushered me into the conservatory, where I found Lady Harrington, the celebrated cantatrice Mrs Billington, and the Duke of Sussex; who was said to be very much "épris" with the English "Catalani," as she was called.

Mrs Billington was extremely beautiful, though it was absurd to compare her to Catalani as a singer; but she was the favourite of the Duke of Sussex, which made her many friends. During my visit, chocolate and tea-cakes were served to our party, when Lady Harrington related a curious anecdote about those cakes. She said her friend Madame de Narbonne, during the emigration, determined not to live upon the bounty of foreigners, found means to amass money enough to enable her to open a

shop in Chelsea, not far from the then fashionable balls of Ranelagh.

It had been the custom in France, before the Revolution, for young ladies in some noble families to learn the art of making preserves and pastry; accordingly, Madame de Narbonne commenced her operations under the auspices of some of her acquaintances; and all those who went to Ranelagh made a point of stopping and buying some of her cakes. Their fame spread like lightning throughout the West End, and orders were given to have them sent for breakfast and tea in many great houses in the neighbourhood of St James's. Madame de Narbonne employed a Scotch maid-servant to execute her orders. The name of this woman was "Sally Lunn," and ever since a particular kind of tea-cake has gone by that name.

Madame de Narbonne, not speaking English, replied to her customers, (when they inquired the name of her brioches,) "bon;" hence the etymology of "bun," according to Lady Harrington: but I confess that I do not feel quite satisfied with her derivation.

PICTON'S OPINION OF OUR OFFICERS.—During my passage from Ramsgate to Ostend, with Sir Thomas Picton, *èn route* to Waterloo, to which I alluded in my former volume, the general, whose demeanour was stern and rather forbidding, and of whom we all stood very much in awe, was on this occasion in great good humour and high spirits. He talked, with his usual oaths, (which the reader will pardon me if I transcribe,) a good deal about the Peninsular war, and the relative merits of the English and French armies. He greatly praised the soldier-like qualities and military talents of the French officers, and said—

"If I had fifty thousand such men as I commanded in Spain, with French officers at their head, I'm d——d if I wouldn't march from one end of Europe to the other."

We were all astounded at this praise of the French; and Chambers, very much piqued, observed—

"This is the first time we have heard, Sir Thomas, that French officers were superior to ours."

"What!" said Picton, "never heard they were superior to ours? why, d——n it, where is our

military education? where our military schools and colleges? We have none: absolutely none. Our greatest generals, Marlborough and Wellington, learnt the art of war in France. Nine French officers out of ten can command an army, whilst our fellows, though as brave as lions, are totally and utterly ignorant of their profession. D——n it, sir, they know nothing. We are saved by our non-commissioned officers, who are the best in the world."

We all felt very much disgusted and humiliated at these remarks, and considered them at the time very unjust; but I am now certain that the general was right, and that our officers at that time, beyond extraordinary dash and pluck, had none of the qualities required in those who were destined to command the finest troops in the world.

That true soldier, General Foy, in his history of the Peninsular War, is of the same opinion as the gallant Picton respecting our commissioned and non-commissioned officers; and he had many good opportunities of judging, for he was opposed to us on many a hard-fought field: but now, thank Heaven, our system is much improved. Patronage

can no longer do everything, and a strict examination is necessary for all candidates for commissions in the army.

ADMIRAL NAGLE. — Admiral Nagle was a great favourite of George the Fourth, and passed much of his time with his Majesty. He was a bold, weather-beaten tar, but nevertheless a perfect gentleman, with exceedingly pleasing manners, and possessed of much good nature and agreeability. The late Duke of Cambridge on one occasion sent his brother a cream-coloured horse, from the royal stud at Hanover, and the king gave the animal to Colonel Peters, the riding-master. Admiral Nagle ventured to express a hope, that if his Majesty received a similar present from Hanover, he would graciously make him a present of it, upon which the king replied, "Certainly, Nagle, you shall have one."

The admiral was shortly afterwards sent to Portsmouth, to superintend the building of the royal yacht, during which time Strohling, the fashionable painter of the day, was summoned, and ordered to paint over the admiral's favourite

hack, to make it appear like one of the Hanoverian breed. The horse was accordingly placed in the riding-school, and, in an incredibly short period, the metamorphosis was successfully completed. In due time the admiral returned from Portsmouth, and, as usual, went to the royal stables, and was charmed to see that his Majesty had fulfilled his promise. He lost no time in going to Carlton House to return thanks, when the king said, "Well, Nagle, how do you like the horse I sent you?" "Very much," was the reply; "but I should like to try his paces before I can give your Majesty a decided opinion about him." "Well, then, let him be saddled, though it does rain, and gallop him round the park and return here, and let me know what you think of him." It rained cats and dogs; the paint was gradually washed off the horse, to the admiral's great astonishment, and he returned to Carlton House, where the king and his friends had watched his departure and arrival with the greatest delight. The admiral was welcomed with roars of laughter, which he took with great good humour; and, about a month afterwards, the king presented him with a real Hanoverian horse of great value.

THE LATE LORD SCARBOROUGH. — Lord Lumley, the late Lord Scarborough, was living in Paris in the winter of 1816; and, notwithstanding his lameness, was one of the gayest of the gay, ever attending dinners, balls, and fêtes. At a fête given by Lady Elizabeth Stuart, Lumley was flirting with one of the beautiful Lady Harleys, when Madame de Staël inquired of Lady Oxford the name of the person who was in conversation with her daughter. Her ladyship replied, Monsieur Lumley. "L'homme laid! quelle drôle de nom! mais c'est vrai. Il n'est pas joli garçon!" Ever after, he was known in Paris by the appellation of "L'homme Laid."

POTAGE À LA POMPADOUR.—We are apt to talk a good deal of the wisdom of our ancestors; but in the midst of a certain amount of civilisation, much rude magnificence, and great display, those good people were completely ignorant of, and unacquainted with many of the refinements and even necessaries of life, as the following anecdote will prove.

About a hundred years ago, in the reign of Louis

the Fifteenth, when his mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour, governed France with absolute power, the Duke of Norfolk was much in favour with that lady. One morning, at her toilette,—to the close of which, consisting of powdering and hair-dressing, her friends were admitted, according to the custom of that time—when the usual compliments had passed, his Grace's attention was riveted to a certain article of furniture in a distant part of the room, of a somewhat octagonal shape, which was entirely new to him. As a considerable crowd of courtiers surrounded the royal favourite, he was able to approach something closer, and to discover that the object of his curiosity was of solid gold, with the Marquise's arms richly engraved, and that it was placed upon a wooden stand.

The Duke of Norfolk took an opportunity of inquiring from one of the "femmes de chambre" for what purpose this magnificent piece of plate was used; and the reply, given without any signs of bashfulness, struck him with utter amazement and some confusion. In the course of the day, the "soubrette" communicated this incident to her mistress, as rather a good joke; and Madame de Pompadour,

who was anxious that the Duke should have some souvenir of his stay in France, and of her friendship for him, gave instructions to her silversmith to make another piece of plate exactly similar to that which had so much attracted his Grace's attention. It was very richly ornamented, and had the Duke's arms engraved on one side, and those of Madame de Pompadour on the other. It was carefully packed up, and forwarded to the Duchess of Norfolk, by a messenger belonging to the French court.

Upon receiving the present from the Marquise de Pompadour, the Duchess was delighted, and said—

"How very kind of the Marquise! I never saw so beautiful a soup tureen; I suppose its shape is 'la grande mode' of the day!"

A few days after the present had been received, the Duke of Norfolk arrived from Paris, and a great dinner was given at Norfolk House to celebrate his safe return. In those days "les diners à la Russe" were not invented, and the dishes, of magnificent silver gilt, were placed upon the table, and served by those who sat opposite to them.

When dinner was announced, and the guests had sat down, the Duke was perfectly aghast with horror and amazement; for there in front of him he beheld the mysterious piece of plate filled with excellent mutton broth. The present of the fair Marquise is said to be still in existence in one of the country residences of the chief of the noble family of Howard, but restored from its culinary duties to the original legitimate purpose for which it was intended. But it is only on rare occasions, such as the visits of royalty, that this heirloom is displayed; when the taste of the fair Marquise is highly admired.

BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN.—In 1820, a friend of mine, belonging to the same battalion of the Guards as myself, was sent from the Tower with a detachment to the Bank of England. On his arrival, he informed the porter that a lady would present herself at the door about dinner time, and that he was to escort her to the officers' room. The porter meanwhile communicated with the Governor, who sent strict orders that no female was to be admitted within the walls of the Bank.

The lady in due time arrived, but was refused admission.

The officer having been informed by one of the serjeants that orders had been given by the Governor not to allow the lady to enter, ejected the porter from his lodge, with many oaths and threats, and gave it in charge to the sergeant. The porter ran to the Governor, stating that the officer would place the Governor and himself, if he caught him, in the black-hole; for he swore that he commanded at the Bank, and no one should interfere with him or his visitors.

The Governor kept out of the way, but sent a clerk to the commanding officer of the regiment, stating what had occurred, who in his turn sent a report to the Horse Guards of the whole affair. The Duke of York desired my friend to appear before him next day, when he was asked by his Royal Highness for an explanation. The officer admitted all that had been reported of him, but declared that, as he had been entrusted with the custody and safe keeping of the Bank of England, he regretted not having put the Governor into the black-hole for his interference.

The Duke of York was so amused and tickled by the coolness and "sang froid," and I may say impu-

dence, of my friend, that he could not help laughing; and, after a slight reprimand, asked him to dinner. The Duke used frequently to mention this anecdote to his particular friends as a very good joke; but he was the kindest of men, and I am not sure whether the young officer would not have found his escapade taken up in a very different manner by most commanding officers.

A MAD FRIEND.—Mr Adam G——, a gentleman of large fortune, living in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, met me one afternoon in Hyde Park, and invited me to dine with him on the same day. He informed me that he had only asked two friends to dine with him; one of whom, he observed, I saw before me. A. G—— was accompanied by a gentleman, who appeared to be a quiet and inoffensive person; but he held in his right hand a sort of life-preserver, which seemed rather strange. But as I did not know who the man was, I thought no more about it.

At seven, the hour of dinner, I made my appearance, and found the unknown gentleman waiting in

the drawing-room. Dinner was shortly afterwards announced. It was excellent, and everything passed off peaceably, until my suspicions were aroused by hearing the person whom I had seen with A. G—— in the park, and who was seated at our amphytrion's left, say—

"You had better not drink any more wine!"

Soon afterwards we all left for the drawing-room, where coffee was served. Politics began to be discussed, and Lord Grey's name accidentally mentioned, when A. G—— evinced considerable irritation, burst out into vehement abuse of that noble personage, and at last shewed evident symptoms of insanity. Not wishing to witness any more proofs of this poor fellow's malady, I was preparing to leave; when he cried out—

"Don't leave me, Gronow; for that fellow," pointing to his friend, "is going to put the strait-waistcoat on me. He has rung the bell for his assistant." I appeared to grant his request, but was determined to make my escape; and, in the act of opening the door, I found myself in the clutches of A. G——, who held me with a grasp of iron; but, luckily, the

keeper came to my assistance, and, after a struggle, released me.

The following night I called to inquire after my friend, and found that he had been removed to the neighbourhood of London for change of air. At the same time I was assured, that owing to the Reform Bill, which disfranchised a borough in Cornwall, where A. G—— had expended a fortune in purchasing houses and building others, to secure his seat as M.P., this circumstance had the effect of driving him mad; and hence his aversion to the great originator of the Reform Bill.

LORD ALTHORPE. — Mr Morier, formerly our minister in Switzerland, who had been Lord Althorpe's fag at Westminster, and always remained on terms of great intimacy with him, was calling one morning in Downing Street, at the time the noble lord was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and found him at breakfast. Mr Morier, appearing to be struck by something he saw on the table, Lord Althorpe asked him what he was thinking of, when

Mr Morier said, "I am looking at your teapots, Althorpe, for they appear to me to be wonderfully like those I used to clean for you when I was your fag."

"They are the very same teapots," replied the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "They remind me of my happy school-days, and I like to stick to my old acquaintances."

Lord Althorpe was rather singular in his dress. Even in the dog-days, he was always buttoned up to the chin; and I once heard O'Connell say, that no one had ever been able to discover whether his lordship wore a shirt or not, for there were no visible signs of one, either on the neck or wrists; but that it was evident he had made *a shift* to do without one.

Lord Althorpe was a bad and tedious speaker: his financial statements, given out as they were with endless humming and hawing, and constant hesitation, made his hearers feel quite nervous and uncomfortable; but he was possessed of great good sense, and was so upright and honourable a man, and such a thorough gentleman, that the Reformed House of Commons—a difficult one to manage—

had more confidence in him than they would have had in any one else, however eloquent and fluent he might have been.

O'CONNELL.—During the time I was in the House of Commons, I saw a good deal of O'Connell, and frequently dined at his house in Great George Street. He was nowhere seen to more advantage than presiding at his own table, in all the pride of hospitality, surrounded by a numerous body of friends and relations. His dinners were plain but good; there were always large joints and plenty of wine. His conversation was most interesting: he had a fund of anecdote, and used to relate most curious stories about the Union and the state of society in Ireland when he was a young man. Though a good hater, he could do justice to political opponents; and I once heard him say, in speaking of Lord Castlereagh, the minister, "Castlereagh, with all his faults, was a fine fellow, and as brave as Achilles."

In the House I very often sat next to him; he was always gay and cheerful, and sometimes very amusing: like most Irishmen, he was at all times

ready for a joke. I remember, on a division, when the name of Charles Tynte did not appear on the Government side, I expressed my astonishment, and said there must be a mistake, as I always understood he was a Liberal.

"No, no, my good friend," said O'Connell; "you must henceforth set him down amongst the neutral Tyntes," (tints.)

SNUFF-TAKING.—Snuff-taking became generally the fashion in France in the early part of the reign of Louis XV. In the unfortunate reign of Louis XVI., the beautiful Marie-Antoinette preferred bonbons to snuff, and prided herself on her bonbonnieres; while the old ladies of her court carried snuff-boxes of immense dimensions, with the miniatures of their lovers and children on the lid.

In England, Queen Charlotte, the grandmother of our gracious Queen, was so fond of snuff, that she was the principal cause of making it fashionable. I recollect having seen her Majesty on the terrace at Windsor walking with the King, George III., when, to the great delight of the Eton boys, she

applied her finger and thumb to her gold box, out of which her Majesty appeared to have fished a considerable quantity, for the royal nose was covered with snuff both within and without.

All the old ladies in London took a prodigious quantity. I once called upon the old Duchess of Manchester in Berkeley Square, when she did me the honour to offer me a pinch of her best snuff. I was then young, but nevertheless accepted the Duchess's offer, and snuffled up a decent quantity; which made me sneeze for at least an hour afterwards, creating much mirth in the drawing-room, where many persons were assembled. The Duchess observed how happy she would be if snuff could have the same effect upon her nose as it had upon mine.

George IV. always carried a snuff-box; but it appeared to me as if his Majesty took snuff for fashion's sake. He would take the box in his left hand, and, opening it with his right thumb and fore-finger, introduce them into this costly reservoir of snuff, and with a consequential air convey the same to the nose; but never suffered any to enter: indeed, those who were well acquainted with his

Majesty frequently told me he took snuff for effect, but never liked it, and allowed all of it to escape from his finger and thumb before it reached the nose.

I should say that the majority of men of fashion at the period I am speaking of carried snuff-boxes. If you knew a man intimately, he would offer you a pinch out of his own box; but if others, not so well acquainted, wished for a pinch, it was actually refused. In those days of snuff-taking, at the tables of great people, and the messes of regiments, snuff-boxes of large proportions followed the bottle, and everybody was at liberty to help himself.

It was reported that Brummell, who was celebrated for the beauty of his snuff-boxes and the quality of his snuff, was once dining at the Pavilion with the Prince, and incurred his master's heavy displeasure in the following manner. The then Bishop of Winchester perceiving Brummell's snuff-box within his reach, very naturally took it up and supplied himself with a pinch; upon which Brummell told his servant, who was standing behind his chair, to throw the rest of the snuff into the fire or on the floor. The Prince all the while looked

daggers: he gave Master Brummell a good wigging the following day, and never forgot the insult offered to the Bishop. Brummell was then apparently in great favour, but the Prince from that period began to shew his dislike for the Beau on several occasions; and shortly afterwards quarrelled with him, and kept him at arm's length for the remainder of his life.

PETITION AGAINST MY RETURN FOR STAFFORD, AND LORD CAMPBELL.—On the assembling of the first Reformed Parliament, amongst the petitions presented was a very extraordinary one against my return for Stafford. I forget the exact wording of this precious document, but the purport of it was, that I ought to be unseated because I had not bribed the electors sufficiently. When Mr Lee, the clerk, read out this humble petition, roars of laughter were heard from all sides of the House, and the Speaker, very much scandalised, ruled that it could not be received.

On leaving the House, I met the late Lord Campbell, then Solicitor-General, who had been M.P. for

Stafford in the last Parliament. He immediately called out, "Here comes the immaculate Gronow, who did not bribe the electors of Stafford to their hearts' content." I replied that I supposed they expected me to give all the wives of electors piano-fortes, as he was reported to have done; but that he had been quite right to bribe, as his election had made him Solicitor-General. Sir John Campbell laughed, and said I must not talk of bribery to one of his Majesty's principal law-officers; but added, "There is nothing like leather"—a cant expression which was, and I believe is still, used by the worthy and independent electors of Stafford, who are mostly shoemakers, and who take care to sell their leather at election time at a highly remunerative price.

THE LATE LORD DUDLEY.—The English have, as we all know, the reputation among foreigners of being "des originaux;" and I am inclined to believe that we are a queer race of people, and that there are more "characters" among us than are to be found abroad.

One of the most conspicuous of the eccentric

oddities who flourished forty years ago was Lord Dudley and Ward. I need not speak of his powers of conversation, which were most brilliant when he chose to exert them, of his sarcastic wit, and cultivated intellect. These great gifts were obscured by a singular absence of mind, which he carried to such a pitch, that some persons maintained that much of this peculiarity was assumed. Rather an amusing anecdote is related of him, in which the "biter was bit;" that is, supposing it to have been true that his "distractions" were not altogether genuine.

It happened one day that, coming out of the House of Lords, Lord Dudley's carriage was not to be found. It was late at night, and Lord Dudley, who was extremely nervous about catching cold, was in a frantic state of excitement. Lord H—— kindly offered to set him down at Dudley House, which proposal was thankfully accepted. During the drive, Lord Dudley began, according to his usual custom, to talk to himself in an audible tone, and the burden of his song was as follows: —"A deuce of a bore! This tiresome man has taken me home, and will expect me to ask him to

dinner. I suppose I must do so, but it is a horrid nuisance."

Lord H—— closed his eyes, and, assuming the same sleepy monotonous voice, muttered forth, "What a dreadful bore! This good-natured fellow Dudley will think himself obliged to invite me to dinner, and I shall be forced to go. I hope he won't ask me, for he gives d——d bad dinners."

Lord Dudley started, looked very much confused, but said nothing. He, however, never forgave his friend; for he prided himself upon being a good hater.

Another time, when dining with Lord W——, who particularly piqued himself upon his dinners, he began apologising to the company for the badness of the "entrées," and excused himself for their execrable quality on account of the illness of his cook.

He was once paying a morning visit to the beautiful Lady M——. He sat an unconscionably long time, and the lady, after giving him some friendly hints, took up her work and tried to make conversation. Lord Dudley broke a long fit of silence by muttering, "A very pretty woman this

Lady M——! She stays a devilish long time—I wish she'd go." He thought Lady M—— was paying him a visit in his own house.

At a dinner some thirty years ago at Sir George Warrender's, Lord Dudley took out a beautiful young married lady, who was extremely shy. Sir George was a singular mixture of extravagance and economy, and though (for he was a renowned epicure, and commonly known by the name of Sir Gorge Provender) he fed his guests plentifully, the warming department was neglected, and the atmosphere of the dining-room resembled that of Nova Zembla.

Lord Dudley asked the young lady where she would like to sit, and, out of pure shyness, she pointed to the nearest chair, which happened to be in the corner furthest from the fire. After they had sat down, she could hear Lord Dudley muttering angry sentences, in which she could almost fancy she heard herself consigned to the depths of an unmentionable place. But what was her horror, when, after shivering and shaking for some time without speaking a word except to himself, Lord Dudley turned round, and in an angry voice asked

for his cloak. It was one of that large sort of cloaks such as coachmen sometimes wore in England, with a gradation of capes; and in this he wrapped himself, and remained during the whole of dinner without speaking a word to his fair neighbour.

Lord Dudley was for a short time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but became more and more eccentric, and, not very long after his resignation, was obliged to be placed under restraint. He eventually, I believe, entirely lost his reason, and died in 1833.

THE END.

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